HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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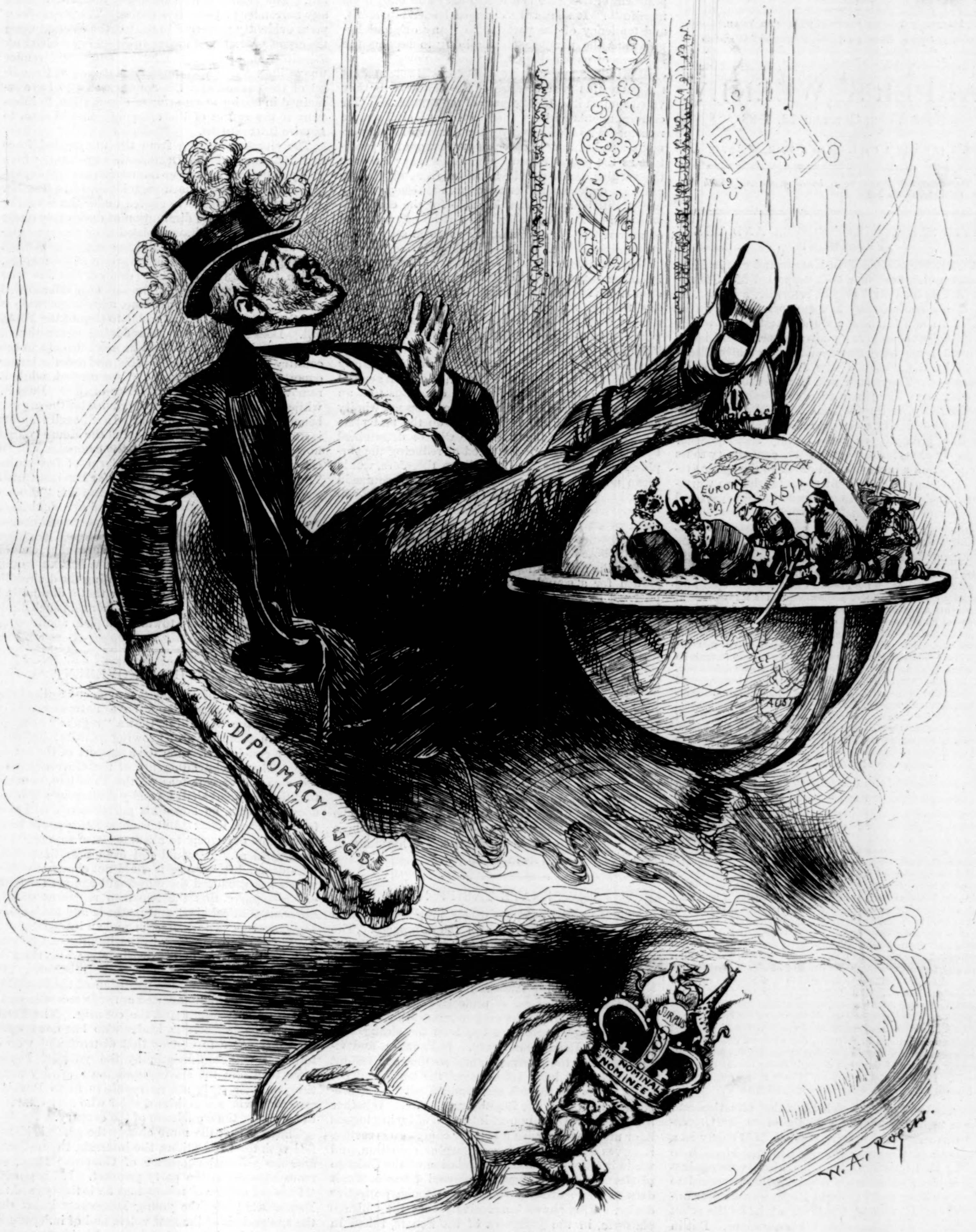
EUROPE
ASIA
AUST
DIPLOMACY.
J.G.B.
SURPLUS
THE NOMINAL NOMINEE
W. A. Rogers.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE AND HIS WARWICK.
UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THROUGH WHICH FLIT DREAMS LIKE THIS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

VOLUME X. WILL BEGIN WITH THE ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 6, 1888.

The number for October 9th is full of good stories. Sophie Swett *tells about "The Trouble at Roaring Brook Camp," and* Charles Ledyard Norton *has a yarn called "Captain Frank of the 'Pacificator.'"* Dora Read Goodale *contributes a little story entitled "Stolen Sweets."*

The pretty story of "Chrystal, Jack, & Co.," by Kirk Munroe, *comes to a happy conclusion, and the young hero of "Uncle Peter's Trust" leaves home and friends to take part in the war of the Indian Mutiny*

In addition to these stories there is a poem by the late G. T. Lanigan, *and a song entitled "Patrick Henry Magee," with an illustration by* Jessie McDermott.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, October 13, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORMERS AND THE PRESIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT in Kansas and one in Massachusetts, both of whom supported Mr. Cleveland in 1884 as a civil service reformer, ask how, in view of his course, they can support him again in 1888. This is a fair and natural question, to which we will endeavor to give a plain answer. The friends of reform have been unquestionably greatly disappointed by the course of the Administration upon this subject. They have not, however, been in the least exacting. They have asked and desired nothing Utopian, hasty, or impracticable. Without extravagant expectations of seeing a radical reform universally and promptly or even rapidly accomplished, they justly expected a more positive conformity to its principles and a more decided check to the spoils system. The general sentiment of those who are warmly interested in the reform was undoubtedly expressed in the temperate and not unfriendly declaration of the National Reform League a year ago, and that sentiment we believe to be unchanged. This was the declaration:

> "The National Civil Service Reform League, while recognizing the good faith with which the President has sought to uphold the civil service examinations, and acknowledging the many excellent appointments made by the present Administration, the frequent instances of Executive disregard of merely partisan demands, and conspicuous instances of the retention of satisfactory officers during their terms, has yet learned with profound regret that the change in the unclassified civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the administration. The League does not believe such a change to have been required by the condition of the service nor justified by intelligent public desire or expectation. Holding that changes of inferior officers should not be made for partisan reasons or merely for the purpose of making places for others, it regards the action of the Administration in this respect as tending to confirm the system of abuses which the League seeks to reform, and as furnishing a mischievous precedent for succeeding administrations."

The president of the League had said in his address, with the approval of the League:

> "But while we may believe, as I certainly believe, that the President is an upright magistrate, who, looking at the vast and complicated range of his duties as the Chief Executive of a great nation, has been unable to accomplish in this department of his duty all that he would have gladly done—while we may willingly acquit him of insincerity or indifference, we must yet be as just to ourselves as to him. It would be a great wrong to the cause of which the League is the authorized national representative if it did not plainly and emphatically declare that it does not regard the Administration, however worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons, as in any strict sense of the words a civil service reform Administration. Yet under this Administration much has been gained for reform. There have been many excellent independent appointments and frequent courageous disregard of merely partisan demands, and many satisfactory officers have been thus far retained. The angry partisan complaints that every officer under the late Administration has not been removed shows at least the Executive intent, while the universal discussion due to the public knowledge of the President's views has greatly enlightened the public mind and deepened public interest in reform. But while all this is the encouraging evidence of a rapidly developing sentiment, and foretells the speedy advance of the good cause, it shows merely Executive good-will. It does not constitute a reform Administration, nor does it mark the advance which has been anticipated."

We say that we do not believe that situation and opinion to have changed. If, therefore, Mr. Cleveland was supported by any voter in 1884 solely as a reformer, and the voter intended in this election to consider that question alone, he might vote against the President either as a rebuke, without regard to reform, or because he thought its prospects fairer under General Harrison, whatever might be the effect of Harrison's election upon other questions. But in the actual situation we are of those friends of reform who support the President for many reasons. By common consent the chief issue of the election is tariff reform, and not civil service reform, and the prospects of the latter seem to us more promising with the President in a second term than with an Administration dominated by Mr. Blaine. The Republican party under its present leadership is not a reform party, and the Democratic is certainly not a party of reform. So far as the parties are concerned, the prospects of reform are not decisive upon either side. But we think that the convictions of Mr. Cleveland in a second term are the safer reliance, so that even if this were the paramount question of the election, we should still incline toward the President. But there are other issues that we cannot disregard. The actual question, the one which is urged by the Republicans to the exclusion of all others—scarcely a word having been uttered, and not one by Mr. Blaine, the great Republican leader, upon the subject of reform—is the tariff. Upon that question the Republican platform of this year is a reactionary and dangerous manifesto. It shows the changed leadership, spirit, and tendency of the party. To many original Republicans the party seems inclining to become the bulwark of paternalism, of corporate power, and of class privilege, and such Republicans will vote against the party this year because of the platform, as they voted against it in 1884 because of the candidate. Our correspondents will see, therefore, that a civil service reformer who also perceives the danger of the enormous surplus, and who scouts extravagant expenditure as the proper remedy, who holds that, to reduce the surplus, taxes should be taken from necessaries and raw materials rather than from whiskey and tobacco, will be apt to cast his vote for the candidate who stands for that policy, even if he has not done or may not do for administrative reform all that the voter might desire.

If such a voter were to look only at the Fellows letter, or at the removal of Superintendent Jackson, or at the violations of sound reform principles, and saw that by voting against the President he would correct such abuses and promote reform, he would not hesitate to vote for General Harrison. Or even if he saw only the offence, and had no other object in the election than to rebuke it, he would certainly vote against the President. But if he takes a general view of a complex situation, and conscious that an election offers but a choice between courses not wholly consistent or satisfactory, aims to do the best practicable thing, his vote this year will be determined by his view of the true method of reducing the surplus. His vote for Mr. Cleveland, therefore, would mean not that he approves the President's course in regard to the civil service. On the contrary, he will frankly admit and condemn what seem to him violations of sound principle. Nor will it mean that a great advance of reform is to be expected from a President whose party is unfriendly to it. It will mean that in the actual situation very much more is to be gained for a sound public policy and for political progress by Mr. Cleveland's election than by that of his opponent. This is, however, not a partisan but an independent view. And it would follow that if General Harrison should be elected, such a voter, instead of seeking to belittle and baffle his administration, would support it cordially in every good course, and frankly acknowledge its excellence. Neither party, as experience constantly proves, and as we have often said, is a civil service reform party. It is therefore useless to expect from a President elected by one of the parties uniform and consistent action upon the subject. The reform, like the League, which is its organized representative, is wholly non-partisan, and in any particular election involving various issues the votes of honest reformers will be divided. They were so in '84, and they will be so in '88. The division will be due to other considerations than those of reform, and need not disturb entire harmony of action in regard to its interests.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

The Republican Senate wisely proposes to try to change the party position in the campaign. The Chicago platform declared that "we favor the entire repeal of the internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." This was equivalent to saying that even free whiskey was preferable to any reduction of protective taxes—a proposition which startled the very moral sentiment in the country which heretofore has been the strong support of the Republican party. Indignation and vituperation of the papers and orators that pointed out this plain fact have not changed the truth, and the effect of the campaign is seen undoubtedly in the proposed tariff bill of the Republican Senate. Whether it is offered with an honest intention of trying to pass it, or merely to furnish a text for campaign speeches, it serves as a counterplan of surplus reduction, and while it follows the recommendation of the Chicago platform in abolishing the internal tobacco tax, it does not free whiskey rather than touch protective duties. This shows conclusively that the Chicago platform, in the judgment of the Senate, raised in this respect an unwise issue.

The Senate bill proposes a reduction of 50 per cent. in the protective tax on sugar, the abolition of the internal tobacco tax, an increase of the free list by a remission of about $6,500,000 in various taxes, and the freeing of alcohol used in the arts. This altogether is reckoned as implying a reduction of the revenue by about $74,000,000. The proposition of the scheme is the acknowledgment that it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us; that the remedy lies in tariff revision, and that tariff revision must be effected by surrendering "part of our protective system." The Republican disadvantage in the comparative estimate of the value of the Senate bill and the Mills bill arises from the fact that the Republicans seem to have been driven to prepare a bill not by the conviction that reduction is necessary, but because of the exigencies of the campaign. The real question of the campaign is not free-trade, but reduction of the surplus by tariff revision. The Republicans in the House, however, proposed no substitute for the Mills bill. The Republican Convention declared against any surrender of protective duties. The Republican press evidently preferred to contest the election upon the cry of protection and free-trade—a cry which any substitute scheme for the Mills bill would render unavailing. This was the understanding at the outset of the canvas, and the Senate seems to have remained in session as an army of observation, to intervene if the course of the campaign should seem to require intervention.

The situation arising from the unexpected force and influence of the Democratic argument, which was plainly making a deep impression upon the country, undoubtedly alarmed sagacious leaders like Mr. Allison, who must have chafed under the necessity of calling a moderate diminution of duties free-trade. He is understood to have insisted upon the presentation of a bill, that the Republicans might not be left in the position of resisting a reduction of the surplus, which the country evidently desired, and his wise counsels have prevailed. The bill now offered will undoubtedly reduce the revenue, and the question is whether its method is preferable to that of the Mills bill. Does it provide for the reduction of taxation in a way productive of more or as much benefit to the country? Does it relieve industry, and promise larger opportunities of labor, and a wider market, while it removes burdens from necessaries of life? Does it, while diminishing the surplus, provide for the greater benefit of the greater number? In all such respects is the Senate bill superior to that of the House? This now becomes the question, and the campaign can be conducted no longer upon an alarm of free-trade. The debate in the campaign thus far has illustrated the truth of Mr. Webster's remark in 1824: "Protection and encouragement may be, and are, doubtless, sometimes wise and beneficial if kept within proper limits; but when carried to an extravagant height or to the point of prohibition, the absurd character of the system manifests itself." Mr. Webster would agree with the President that, granting the desirability of protection, it does not follow that a diminution of duties may not be a wise policy, nor that such diminution is the first step toward complete abolition of duties.

THE ANTI-HILL MOVEMENT.

The protest and organized movement against the election of Governor Hill have naturally deeply alarmed those who think that a "regular" nomination is in these days of growing political independence a conclusive reason for a support of the candidate. The special adherents of the Governor, who are also the special foes of the President, demand that the President shall formally declare by a solemn document that he hopes his party friends will vote for Governor Hill. But such a letter could be of no possible use except to alienate warm supporters of the President. It would not even propitiate those who demand it, because it could not change the fact which has produced the movement against the Governor—namely, that the two men represent wholly different political aims and methods and tendencies. The Governor is a demagogue and an intriguing politician who is obnoxious to the intelligent and progressive sentiment of his own party, while the President is the representative of that sentiment. The Governor is a Democratic politician of the kind that justifies the profound distrust of the Democratic party which so long dominated the country. The President is the Democratic leader who has done more than any other to destroy that distrust, and who is followed with enthusiasm by the younger Democrats, to whom the slavery and the unsavory traditions of their party are as repulsive as to Republicans, and who see in him a chief who may establish the party in the confidence of the country.

They see that the more closely the party is identified with the associations, the interests, the methods, and the political character of Governor Hill, the more hopeless is the party prospect. If his phrase, "I am a Democrat," means that he is the type of the Democratic party, the young Democrats know that the sympathies of the new voters and of independent voters will be drawn elsewhere. Their strong and organized opposition to him springs from their regard for their party and their desire to make it the trusted agency of political progress. They know that quiet ly to accept the Hill nomination and to support it without a protest, or merely to protest and then acquiesce in it at the polls, would be the proof that they prefer the success of their party to good government and fit candidates. It would be the abandonment of the very object that they have in view, which is not merely the ascendency of their party, but of their party as the representative of honest, serviceable, and patriotic purposes.

The election of Governor Hill would go far to show that in New York the Democratic party is still held under its old impulse and control. It would prove that the great measures which good government requires in the State are not to be expected from that party, and that however strong the personality of the President may be, and whatever dependence may be justly placed upon his courage and convictions, his party, so far as this State is concerned, merits all the old distrust. Every intelligent voter will discriminate between the State and the national issues. The President is supported as an upright magistrate, whose administration has shown him to be sound and conservative, who is now the especial representative of a wise reduction of the surplus, and he has unquestionably gained the confidence of the country by his moderate and judicious course. Governor Hill is opposed as an unworthy Executive of a great State. Every good reason for supporting the President is an argument against the support of the Governor. The younger Democrats are wholly justified in their forecast that the election of Governor Hill would be a blow to the Democratic party, like that which the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884 dealt to the Republican party.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

The *Landmark*, a paper published in Norfolk, Virginia, in a recent violent article, echoing the Richmond *Whig*, declares that the real question of the campaign between the parties is for Virginia, and therefore for the other Southern States, the same that it has been for twenty years. According to the *Landmark*, the attitude of the Republican party toward "the South" is one of "intense hostility, of uncompromising vindictiveness," and its effort is "to subjugate and trample her under the feet of the sectionalism and bitter hate of the North" by means of negro suffrage. From this "fundamental issue" the *Landmark* entreats the people not to be diverted by "the discussion of incidental questions like the tariff. . . . It is not a question of political economy, it is a question of political liberty." Alluding to the spirit of this article, a young Virginian writes:

> "Many of the young men of the South, I regret not all, are beginning to look at these sectional questions as anachronisms, and entirely out of place in the present campaign, yet in their efforts to cast them aside as irrelevant they are thwarted by Northern and Southern newspaper orators. I am myself a thorough Democrat on modern issues; but, voting with that party, I do not intend to carry along any traditionary burden or historic relic as a necessary incident to Democratic allegiance. I hardly know whether the smarts of defeat and the remembrance of victory are responsible for this state of affairs or not. Our provincial sympathies and local biases are not issues, and I ask the above question to find out whether or not the young men of the Republican party cannot agree with the young men of the Democratic party to cast aside irrelevant issues and fight it out on reasonable questions, which the needs of good government demand to be settled. Call these squabblers from the field. They confuse and confound, but never convince."

One fact will show our correspondent the actual feeling in this part of the country. Up to this time the sole Republican issue in this campaign has been protection. Even in Mr. Blaine's speeches in Maine the Southern question, if mentioned at all, was no more prominent than that of civil service reform. The only important demonstration of the kind called "bloody shirt" during the campaign is Senator Chandler's resolution of inquiry into the recent Louisiana election. There is, indeed, a certain Bourbon section of the Republican party whose spirit and temper explain such an angry article as that of the *Landmark*. But the general disposition among intelligent citizens of all parties is to recognize the extreme difficulty of the Southern situation in regard to the suffrage, and, while not denying that it is a very important question, to treat it with reason and generosity. On the other hand, no intelligent Democrat in the Southern States, like our correspondent, can deny what is evident, and what was very temperately and forcibly stated by Mr. Edmunds in the debate upon the Chandler bill, that the power of Congress to inquire into State elections involving the election of President, Senators, and Representatives is universal and supreme. That is to say, the question is not local in the sense of excluding national inquiry, and for the reason that it involves the national welfare. Our correspondent will probably admit that the habitual disregard of law is perilous to any civilized community, and that the denial of a vote to legal voters is fatal to popular government, and to the republican form which is guaranteed to every State.

This situation in any part of the country cannot be disregarded, nor is its careful and friendly consideration to be dismissed as mere sectionalism or "waving the bloody shirt." But its remedy is not obvious. No intelligent man in this part of the country, whether Republican or Democrat, desires to see any State subjected to the sway of ignorance and semi-barbarism, nor does he really believe that any State, unless coerced, would submit to a restoration of the carpet-bag régime. Every Southern Democrat like our correspondent must see in the decisions of the Supreme Court with Republican judges, and in the failure of force bills in a Republican Congress, as well as in the general tone of feeling upon the subject in the Northern States, that the "bloody shirt" is only a nagging party cry, which need not divert intelligent Southern Democrats, through fear of external interference, from taking steps to divide the colored vote. Their own good sense will show them how this can best be done. This question is the only bar to a complete good understanding on all sides, and this well adjusted, all pretext for what is called the Republican sectional hatred will disappear. If honest Southern Democrats believe that it is the purpose of Northern Republicans to maintain the ascendency of their party by the colored Southern vote, not less do honest Northern Republicans believe that it is the policy of Southern Democrats to hold their ascendency by suppressing the colored vote. As usual, it is the sensible men on both sides, not the violent partisans, who alone can settle the difficulty. Our correspondent will find plenty of sympathy among the young men of both parties in the Northern States with his efforts to adjust political divisions and debates to the questions of to-day by settling conclusively what yet remains of the old differences.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

Mayor Hewitt's position shows the value in public life of independence combined with uprightness, sagacity, and ability. He enables the community to see what kind of government the city might have if party politics were excluded from a domain in which they do not belong. While Mr. Hewitt is Mayor no New-Yorker is ashamed of his city. Like Mayor Low in Brooklyn, he has given the whole country an object-lesson by which it will profit. As we write, it is the evident intention of the most intelligent citizens to re-elect the Mayor. But it is not certain that he will consent to stand. We hope, however, that he will feel the call to be as imperative as it is sincere, and that the city may continue to have the advantage of his shrewdness, experience, and courage. The more men like the Mayor there are in public life, the better for the country.

THE NEW INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

The appointment of Mr. Oberly to the Indian Commissionership had been desired by the best friends of the Indian, and it was hailed with pleasure by the Mohawk Conference, which was in session, and which instantly sent a congratulatory message. Mr. Oberly has been superintendent of the Indian schools, and is not without experience in Indian affairs. But beyond that, he is an earnest and efficient public agent, quick and perceptive, and of admirable executive character.

His career in the Civil Service Commission showed also that he is not a merely perfunctory officer who uses his place to serve his ambition, but that, like Mr Cleveland, he has a public conscience Whatever his views of reform may have been when he was appointed Civil Service Commissioner, he had soon mastered the principles and the details of a new department, and the last, or fourth, annual report of the Commission, which is largely his work, is a monument of his sagacity and sincerity. It is a comprehensive summary of the whole work of that important body, and an impregnable battery of sound argument for the reform.

Mr. Oberly assumes direction of a branch of administration which is as difficult as it is important. But his appointment is an earnest of the President's wish to put Indian affairs into the most competent hands. Properly to replace him on the Civil Service Commission will not be an easy task. But it is a most important one. Of the two Commissioners, Mr. Lyman is a sincere, experienced, and intelligent friend of the reform; but his colleague, Mr. Edgerton, has shown no sympathy with it, and cannot be called its friend. The new Commissioner will hold practically a casting vote in the council.

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

In his late speech in New York Mr. Blaine spoke of "the tremendous convulsion of 1857 which was caused by the perfidiously enacted tariff of 1846." In a speech in the House of Representatives, on the 24th of March, 1870, Mr. Allison said, "The tariff of 1846, although confessedly and professedly a tariff for revenue, was, so far as regards all the great interests of the country, as perfect a tariff as any that we have ever had."

THE BENET CIRCULAR.

It is a striking sign of sound public sentiment that the recently published confidential circular of General Benet, of the Ordnance Department, addressed to the superintendents of the armories and arsenals of the United States, should have been strongly condemned by a very large part of the press, and have been made the subject of inquiry in the Senate.

General Benet states that he assumes all the responsibility, and that the circular was really intended to do justice to all parties. But however honest his purpose, a little more knowledge and experience would have shown him that the order must necessarily produce the effect which he says it was intended to prevent—the conversion of the armories and arsenals into political machines. It is not the business of a superintendent of such institutions to do justice to parties. The sole principle which should determine the selection of employés for such purposes is their fitness, not their political views or sympathies. By the Benet circular the War Department formally abandons that principle, and introduces a political test for women and children.

A more grotesque and absurd illustration of the utter absurdity of the spoils system could not be imagined.

THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT.

The President has signed the Chinese exclusion bill, but it is a bill unworthy of the United States. The object, indeed, is proper, and the Chinese Government had frankly expressed its willingness to co-operate with us to prevent the immigration of Chinese laborers. A treaty to that effect was negotiated. The Senate suggested certain amendments, to which the Chinese Minister assumed that his Government would agree. But before the decision of that Government was known, a bill was hurried through Congress in desperate haste, as if there was a pressing emergency, violating treaty stipulations and insulting the Chinese Government, which then declined to ratify the treaty.

The refusal, under the circumstances, was required by self-respect, and it cannot be justly held to imply that China would not consent to an exclusion which its Government had proposed, when arranged in a fair and seemly manner. The whole transaction is part of the game of the campaign, and it reflects no honor upon the American name.

THE SPRINGFIELD "REPUBLICAN."

We note the increasing prosperity of an able newspaper in the fact that the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* has enlarged its borders, so that it is now a quarto sheet about the size of the New York *Times*. The *Republican* has been for many years one of the chief independent journals in the country. Mr. Samuel Bowles, who gave it its character and impulse, was essentially a "newspaper man," and the comprehensive summary of news, and skilful selection and attractive treatment of it, with the solid ability and evident sincerity of its editorial articles, and its intelligent and generous sympathy with the true American spirit which characterized it under Mr. Bowles's editorship, placed the *Republican* among the leading American journals—a position which, with ampler prosperity and larger resources, it still maintains.

It has been, perhaps, more than most important papers in the country, a school of journalists. Some of the best-equipped writers for the press in different States were graduated from the *Republican*, and wherever employed, their work is still marked by the distinctive qualities of the paper upon which they took their degree, and whose success is a public benefit.

PERSONAL.

B. P. Hutchinson, Chicago's famous speculator, familiarly hailed as "Old Hutch," who has been manipulating the recent corner in wheat, went West from Massachusetts, a Yankee with no money. He has many millions now. He gave Ben Butler the first law case that doughty attorney ever tried.

—Mrs. Cleveland has been making happy use of her outing up in Saranac's woods by learning to shoot and row.

—Wilkie Collins is submitting to a vacation forced by over-work.

—"My health is no longer worrying me," said Jay Gould to a friend a few days ago.

—Addison Cammack, the great bear operator in the stock market, is credited with having made over $1,000,000 on the recent caperings of the wheat market.

—Gladstone is arranging his correspondence in chronological order for the use of his biographers.

—Boulanger, the Paris mob's soldier-hero, has a pretty daughter, who proposes to marry against his will unless he himself surrenders.

—The pedestal of the Longfellow statue at Portland, Maine, was designed by Mr. F. H. Fassett, of Portland, and not by Mr. Hunt, as stated in the last number of the Weekly.

—Consul-General Waller, leaving London for a month's vacation on this side of the ocean, will stump for Cleveland and Thurman up in Connecticut, where everybody knows him and calls him "Our Tom." Governor Waller started in life as a New York newsboy.

—Energetic womanhood out in Buffalo has met with a set-back through the meddlesome spirit of men who happen to be policemen and judges. Hattie Leslie and Alice Leary, of that city, have been sent to jail for engaging in a prize-fight upon the approved Sullivan-Queensbury plan.

—The colored Methodist church up at Putnam, Connecticut, is to have the Rev. Thomas Sunrise, a full-blooded Indian, for pastor Brother Sunrise is declared to be an impressive orator. His devotion to his calling is proved by his proposal to work without pay.

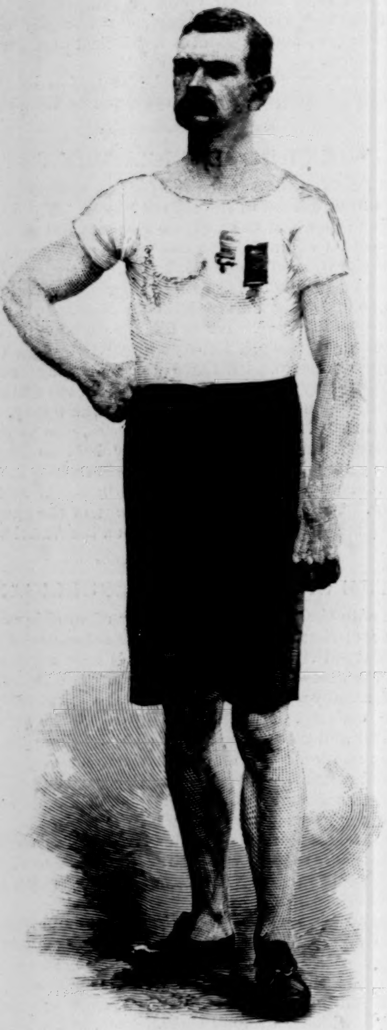
—Georgia marketed 7,800,000 watermelons this season, from which the farmers are supposed to have netted about $200,000, while the railroads took $800,000 for freight, and something like $500,000 went to commission-merchants. The farmer got less than three cents apiece for his melons; the man who ate had to pay twenty.

—Patti is singing at concerts in Wales for the benefit of the poor.

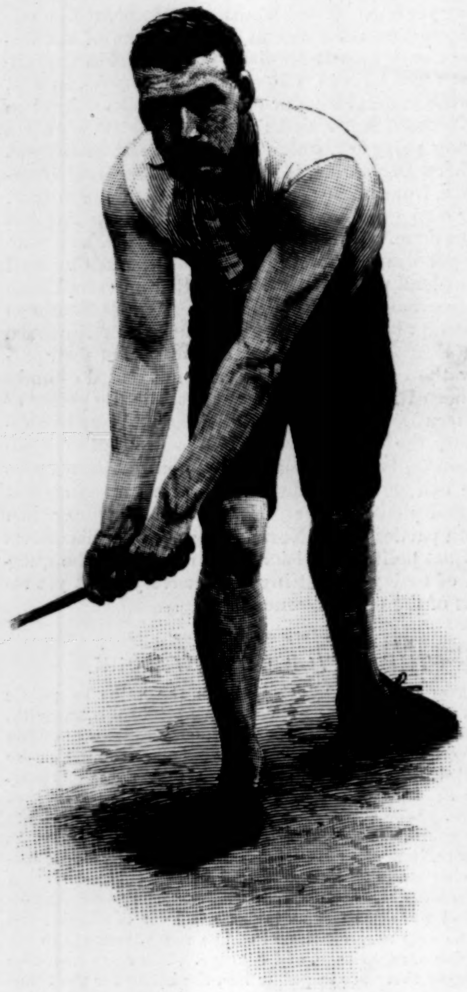
—A new acquaintance who lately offered Edwin Booth a cigarette got the information that the actor was "a man able to hold a pipe."

—Attorney-General Garland has found fishing and hunting a panacea for the ill health that came through over-work.

—Dr. Edward Pick, who is to begin next Tuesday at Chickering Hall, New York, an American lecturing tour on the methods of improving the memory, comes with the reputation of being the greatest living authority on the subject with which he deals. There is a remarkable unanimity among European educationalists as to the simplicity and efficiency of the system taught by Dr. Pick. The celebrated teacher Edward Thring, of Uppingham, recently said of it: "Had I known as a boy how to work in the manner I now do from having listened to Dr. Pick's instructions, I should have mastered and retained ten times as much knowledge as I now have, with a quarter of the labor. Dr. Pick's method has the marvellous advantage of being the right method for acquiring all knowledge—the true way to apply mind." Dr. Pick is a native of Prague, and was educated at the University of that city as a physician.



P. KEOHAN.



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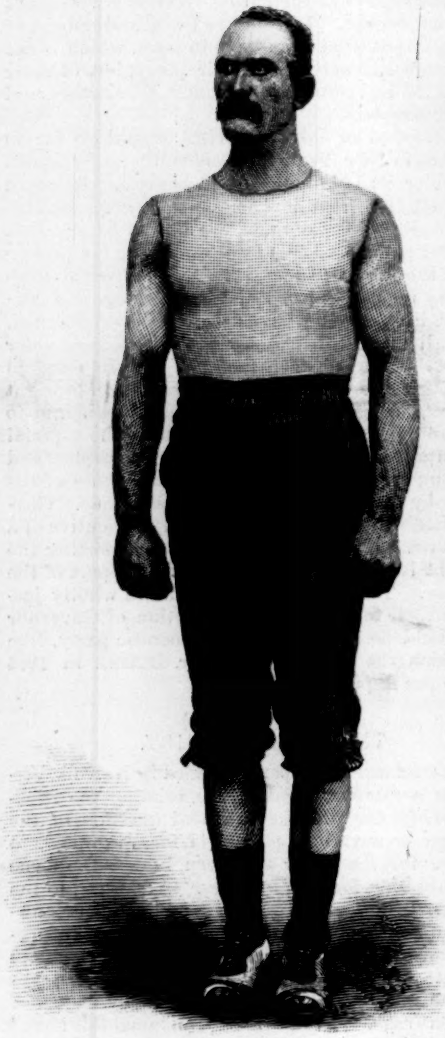
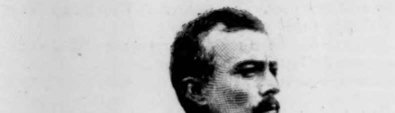


WILLIAM REAL.



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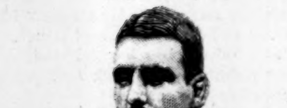
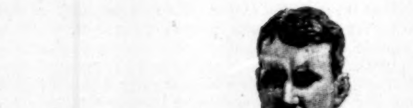
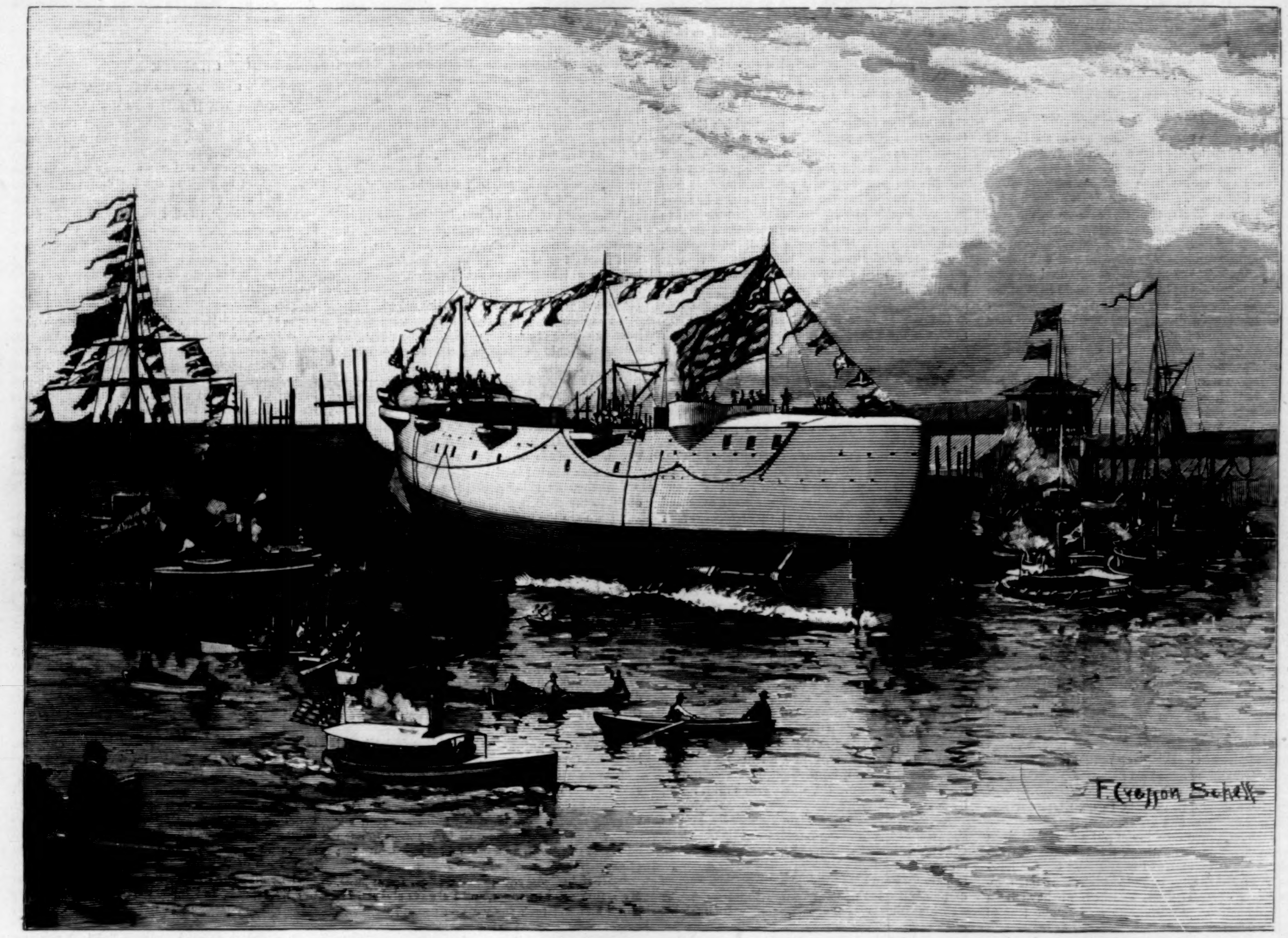


G. Y. GILBERT.

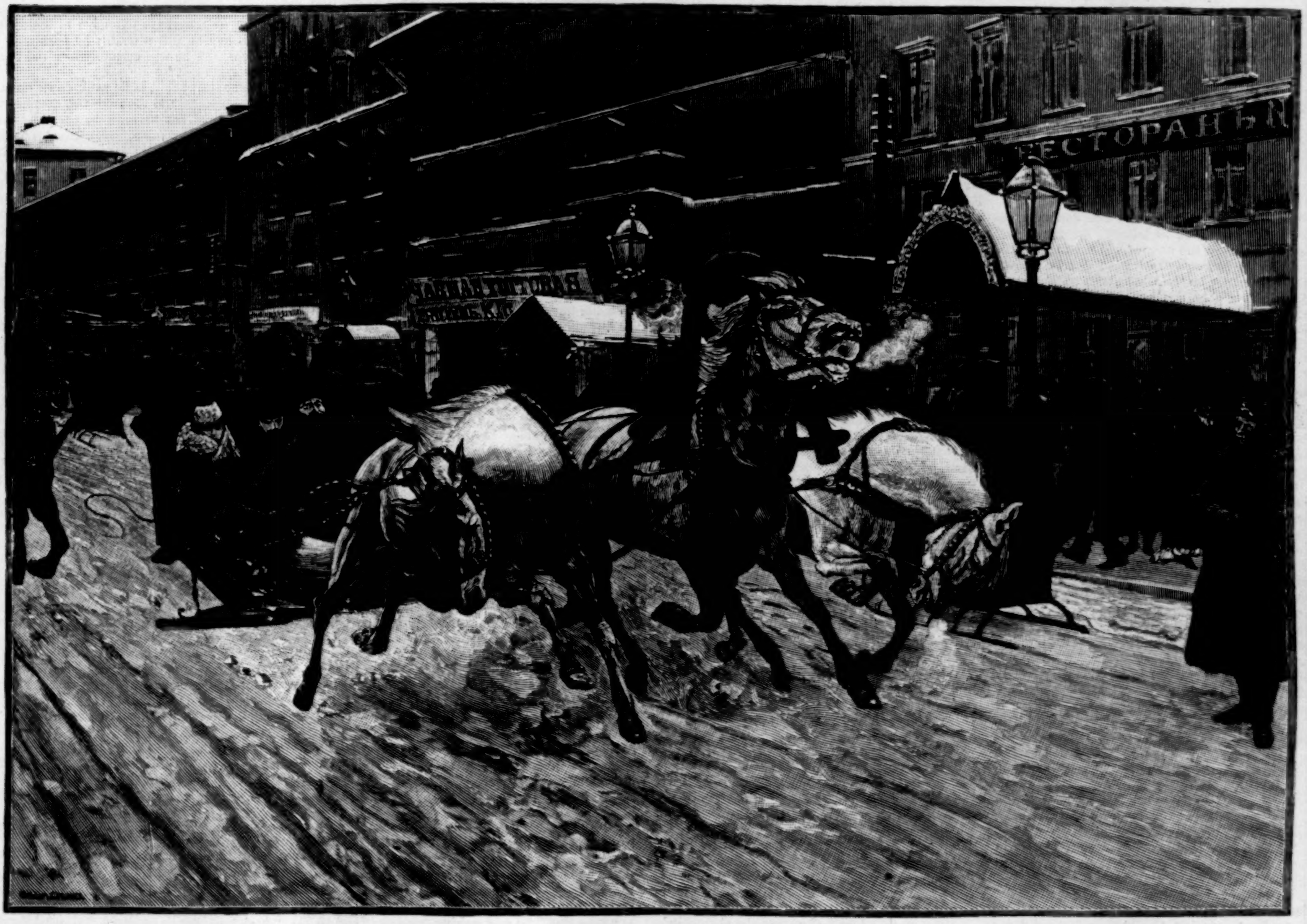


W. L. COUDON.

IRISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETES.—From Photographs by E. M. Bidwell.—[See Page 779.]



LAUNCH OF THE CRUISER "BALTIMORE," FROM CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. C. Schell.—[See Page 775.]



THE RUSSIAN TROÏKA.—Drawn by Jozef Chelmonski.—[See Page 775.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.[*]

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EDWARD COSSEY MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

THIS is not a very cheerful world at the best of times, though no doubt we ought to pretend that humanity at large is as happy as it is represented to be—in let us say the Christmas number of an illustrated paper. How well we can imagine the thoughtful inhabitants of this country in the year A.D. 7500 or thereabouts disinterring from the crumbling remains of a fire-proof safe a Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic!* The archaic letters would perhaps be unintelligible to him, but he would look at the pictures with much the same interest that we regard bushmen's drawings or the primitive clay figures of Peru; and though his whole artistic seventy-sixth-century soul would be revolted at the crudeness of the coloring, surely he would moralize thus: "O happy race of primitive men, how I, the child of light and civilization, envy you your long-forgotten days! Here in these rude drawings, which in themselves reveal the extraordinary capacity for pleasure possessed by the early races, who could even look upon them and gather gratification from the sight, may we trace your joyous career from the cradle to the grave. Here is your figure as a babe, at whose appearance everybody seems delighted, even those of your race whose inheritance will be thereby diminished; and here, a merry lad, you revel in the school which those of our age find so wearisome; there, grown more old, you stand at the altar of a beautiful lost faith, a faith that told of hope and peace beyond the grave, and by you stands your blushing bride. No hard fate, no considerations of means, no worldly-mindedness, come to snatch you from her arms, as now they daily do. With her you spend your peaceful days, and here at last we see you, old but surrounded by love and tender kindness, and almost looking forward to that grave which you believed would be but the gate of glory. O happy race of simple-minded men, what a commentary upon our fevered, avaricious, pleasure-seeking age is this rude scroll of primitive and infantile art!"

So will some unborn *laudator temporis acti* speak in some dim century to be, when our sorrows have faded and are not.

And yet, though we do not put a record of them in our Christmas numbers, troubles are as troubles have been and will continually be, for however happy the lot of individuals, it is not altogether a cheerful world in which we have been called to live. At any rate so thought Harold Quaritch that night after the farewell scene with Ida in the church-yard, and so he continued to think for some time to come. A man's life is always more or less of a struggle; he is a swimmer upon an adverse sea, and to live at all he must keep his limbs in motion. If he grows faint-hearted or weary and no longer strives, for a little while he floats, and then at last, morally or physically, he vanishes. We struggle for our livelihoods, and for all that makes life worth living in the material sense, and not the less are we called upon to struggle with an army of spiritual woes and fears, which now we vanquish and now are vanquished by. Every man of refinement, and a good many women, will be able to recall periods in his or her existence when life has seemed not only valueless but hateful, when our small successes, such as they are, dwindled away and vanished in the gulf of our many failures, when our hopes and aspirations faded like a little sunset cloud, and we were surrounded by black and lonely mental night, from which even the star of Faith had passed. Such a time had come to Harold Quaritch now. His days had not, on the whole, been happy days; but he was a good and earnest man, with that touching faith in Providence which is given to some among us, and which had brought with it the reward of an even, thankful spirit. And then, out of the twilight of his contentment the hope of happiness had arisen like the Angel of the Dawn, and suddenly life became beautiful to him. And now it had passed: the woman whom he deeply loved, and who loved him back again, had gone from his reach and left him desolate—gone from his reach, not into the grave, but to the arms of another man.

Our race is called upon to face many troubles, sickness, poverty, and death, but it is doubtful if Evil holds another arrow as sharp as that which pierced him now. He was no longer young, it is true, and therefore did not feel that intense agony of disappointed passion, that sickening sense of utter, loss which in such circumstances sometimes settle on the young. But if in youth we feel more sharply and with a keener sympathy of the imagination, we have at least more strength to bear, and hope does not altogether die. For we know that we shall live it down, or if we do not know it then, we *do* live it down. Very likely, indeed, there comes a time when we look back upon our sorrow and he or she who caused it with wonder, yes, even with scorn and bitter laughter. But it is not so when the blow falls in later life. It may not hurt so much at the time, it may seem to have been struck with the bludgeon of Fate rather than with her keen dividing sword, but the effect is more lasting, and for the rest of our days we are numb and cold, and Time has no salve to heal us.

These things Harold realized most clearly in the heavy days that followed that church-yard separation.

He took his punishment like a brave man, indeed, and went about his daily occupations with a steadfast face, but this bold behavior did not lessen its weight. He had promised not to go away till Ida was married, and he would keep the promise, but in his heart he wondered how he would be able to bear the sight of her. What would it be to see her, to touch her hand, to hear the rustle of her dress and the music of her beloved voice, and to realize again and yet again that all these things were not for him, that they had passed from him into the ownership of another man?

On the day following that upon which Edward Cossey had been terrified into transferring the Honham mortgages to Mr. Quest, the Colonel went out shooting. He had on the previous day become the possessor of a new hammerless gun by a well-known London maker, of which he stood in considerable need. He had treated himself to this gun when he came into his aunt's little fortune, but it was only just completed. The weapon was a beautiful one, and at any other time it would have filled his sportsman's heart with joy. Even as it was, when he put it together, and balanced it, and took imaginary shots at blackbirds in the garden, for a little while he forgot his sorrows, for the sorrow must indeed be heavy which a new hammerless gun by such a maker cannot do something toward lightening. So on the next morning he took this gun and proceeded to the marshes by the river, where, he was credibly informed, several wisps of snipe had been seen, to attempt to shoot some of them and put the new weapon to the test.

It was on this same morning that Edward Cossey got a letter which disturbed him not a little. It was from Belle Quest, and ran thus:

"DEAR MR. COSSEY,—Will you come over and see me this afternoon about three o'clock? I shall *expect* you, so I am sure you will not disappoint me.—B. Q."

For a long while he hesitated what to do. Belle Quest was at the present juncture the very last person whom he wished to see. His nerves were shaken and he feared a scene out on the other hand he did not know what danger might threaten him if he did not go. Quest had got his price, and he knew that he had nothing more to fear from him; but a jealous woman has no price, and if he did not humor her, it might, he felt, be at a risk which he could not estimate. Also he was nervously anxious to give no further cause for gossip. A sudden outward and visible cessation of his intimacy with the Quests in a little country town like Boisingham, where all his movements were known, might, he thought, give rise to surmises and suspicion. So, albeit with a faint heart, he determined to go.

Accordingly, at three o'clock precisely, he was shown into the drawing-room at the Oaks. Mrs. Quest was not there; indeed, he waited for ten minutes before she came in. She was very pale, so pale that the blue veins on her forehead showed distinctly through her ivory skin, and there was a curious intensity about her manner which frightened him. She was very quiet, unnaturally so, indeed; but her quiet was of the ominous nature of the silence before the storm, and when she spoke her words were keen and quick and vivid.

She did not shake hands with him, but sat down and looked at him, slowly fanning herself with a painted ivory fan which she took up from the table.

"You sent for me, Belle, and here I am," he said, breaking the silence.

Then she spoke. "You told me the other day," she said, "that you were not engaged to be married to Ida De la Molle. It was not true. You are engaged to be married to her."

"Who said so?" he asked, defiantly. "Quest, I suppose?"

"I have it on a better authority," she answered. "I have it from Miss De la Molle herself. Now listen, Edward Cossey. When I let you go, I made a condition, and that condition was that you should not marry Ida De la Molle. Do you still intend to marry her?"

"You had it from Ida?" he said, disregarding her question. "Then you must have spoken to Ida—you must have told her everything. I suspected as much from her manner the other night. You—"

"Then it is true," she broke in, coldly. "It is true, and in addition to your other failings, Edward, you are a coward and—a liar."

"What is it to you what I am or what I am not?" he answered, savagely. "What business is it of yours? You have no hold over me and no claim upon me. As it is, I have suffered enough at your hands and at those of your accursed husband. I have had to pay him thirty thousand pounds, do you know that? But of course you know it. No doubt the whole thing is a plant, and you will share the spoil."

"Ah!" she said, drawing a long breath.

"And now look here," he went on. "Once and for all, I will not be interfered with by you. I *am* engaged to marry Ida De la Molle, and whether you wish it or no I shall marry her. And one more thing. I will not allow you to associate with Ida. Do you understand me? I will not allow it."

She had been holding the fan before her face while he spoke. Now she lowered it and looked at him. Her face was paler than ever, paler than death, if that be possible, but in her eyes there shone a light like the light of a flame.

"Why not?" she said, quietly.

"Why not?" he answered, savagely. "I wonder that you think it necessary to ask such a question, but as you do, I will tell you why. Because Ida is the lady whom I am going to marry, and I do not choose that she should associate with a woman who is what you are."

"*Ah!*" she said again; "I understand now."

At that moment a diversion occurred. The drawing-room looked on to the garden, and at the end of the garden was a door which opened on to another street.

Through this door had come Colonel Quaritch, accompanied by Mr. Quest, the former with his gun under his arm. They had walked up the garden and were almost at the French window when Edward Cossey saw them. "Control yourself," he said, in a low voice; "here is your husband."

Mr. Quest advanced and knocked at the window, which his wife opened. When he saw Edward Cossey he hesitated a little and then nodded to him, while the Colonel came forward, and placing his gun by the wall, entered the room, shook hands with Mrs. Quest, and bowed coldly to Edward Cossey.

"I met the Colonel, Belle," said Mr. Quest, "coming here with the benevolent intention of giving you some snipe, so I brought him up by the short way."

"That is very kind of you, Colonel Quaritch," said she, with a sweet smile (for she had the sweetest smile imaginable).

He looked at her. There was something about her face which attracted his attention, something unusual.

"What are you looking at?" she asked.

"You," he said, bluntly, for they were out of hearing of the other two. "If I were poetically minded I should say that you look like the Tragic Muse."

"Do I?" she answered, bursting out laughing. "Well, that is curious, because I feel like Comedy herself."

"There's something wrong with that woman," thought the Colonel to himself as he extracted two couple of snipe from his capacious coat tails. "I wonder what it is?"

Just then Mr. Quest and Edward Cossey passed out into the garden, talking.

"Here are the snipe, Mrs. Quest," he said. "I have had rather good luck. I killed four couple and missed two couple more; but then I had a new gun, and one can never shoot so well with a new gun."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "Do pull out the 'painters' for me. I like to put them in my riding hat, and I never can find them myself."

"Very well," he answered; "but I must go into the garden to do it; there is not light enough here. It gets dark so soon now."

Accordingly he stepped out through the window, and began to hunt for the pretty little feathers which are to be found at the angle of a snipe's wing.

"Is that the new gun, Colonel Quaritch?" said Mrs. Quest, presently. "What a beautiful one!"

"Be careful," he said; "I haven't taken the cartridges out."

If he had been looking at her, which at the moment he was not, Harold would have seen her stagger and catch at the wall for support. Then he would have seen an awful and malevolent light of sudden determination pass across her face.

"All right," she said; "I know all about guns. My father used to shoot, and I always cleaned his gun," and she took the weapon up and began to examine the engraving on the locks.

"What is this?" she said, pointing to a little slide above the locks on which the word "Safe" was engraved in gold letters.

"Oh, that's the safety-bolt," he said. "When you see the word 'Safe,' the locks are barred, and the gun won't go off. You have to push the bolt forward before you can fire."

"So?" she said, carelessly, and suiting the action to the word.

"Yes, so; but please be careful, the gun is loaded."

"Yes, I'll be careful," she answered. "Well, it is a very pretty gun, and so light that I believe I could shoot with it myself."

Meanwhile Edward Cossey and Mr. Quest, who were walking toward them, had separated, Mr. Quest going to the right across the lawn to pick up a glove which had dropped upon the grass, while Edward Cossey slowly sauntered toward them. When he was about nine paces off he too halted, and stooping a little, looked abstractedly at a white Japanese chrysanthemum which was still in bloom. Mrs. Quest turned, as the Colonel thought, to put the gun back against the wall. He would have offered to take it from her, but at the moment both his hands were occupied in extracting one of the "painters" from a snipe. The next thing that he was aware of was a loud explosion, followed by an exclamation, or rather a cry, from Mrs. Quest. He dropped the snipe and looked up, just in time to see the gun, which had leapt from her hands with the recoil, strike against the wall of the house and fall to the ground. Instantly, whether by instinct or by chance he never knew, he glanced toward the place where Edward Cossey was standing, and saw that his face was streaming with blood, and that his right arm hung helpless by his side. Even as he looked, he saw him put his uninjured hand to his head, and without a word or a sound sink down on the gravel-path.

For a second there was silence, and the blue smoke from the gun hung heavily upon the damp autumn air. In the midst of it stood Belle Quest like one transfixed, her lips apart, her blue eyes opened wide, and the stamp of terror—or was it guilt?—upon her pallid face.

All this he saw in a flash, and then ran to the bleeding heap upon the gravel.

He reached it almost simultaneously with Mr. Quest, and together they turned the body over. But still Belle stood there enveloped in the heavy smoke.

Presently, however, her trance left her, and she ran up, flung herself upon her knees, and looked at her former lover, whose face and head were now a mass of blood.

"He is dead," she wailed—"he is dead, and I have killed him! Oh, Edward! Edward!"

Mr. Quest turned on her savagely—so savagely that one might almost have thought that he feared lest in her agony she should say something further.

"Stop that," he said, seizing her arm, "and go for the doctor, for if he is not dead he will soon bleed to death."

With an effort she rose, put her hand to her forehead, and then ran like the wind down the garden and through the little door.

CHAPTER XXX.

HAROLD TAKES THE NEWS.

MR. QUEST and Harold bore the bleeding man—whether he was senseless or dead they knew not—into the house, and laid him on the sofa. Then, having despatched a servant to seek a second doctor in case the one already gone for was out, they set to work to cut the clothes from his neck and arm and do what they could, and that was little enough, toward stanching the bleeding. It soon, however, became evident that Cossey had only got the outside portion of the charge of No. 7—that is to say, that he had been struck by about a hundred pellets out of the three hundred or so which would go to the ordinary ounce and an eighth. Had he received the whole charge he must, at that distance, have been instantly killed. As it was, the point of the shoulder was riddled, and so to a somewhat smaller extent was the back of his neck and the region of the right ear. One or two outside pellets had also struck the head higher up, and the skin and muscles along the back were torn by the passage of the shot.

"By Jove," said Mr. Quest, "I think he is done for!"

The Colonel nodded. He had had some experience of shot wounds, and the present was not of a nature to encourage hope of the patient's survival.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Quest, presently, as he mopped up the streaming blood with a sponge.

"It was an accident," groaned the Colonel. "Your wife was looking at my new gun. I told her that it was loaded, and that she must be careful, and I thought she had put it down. The next thing that I heard was the report. It is all my cursed fault for leaving the cartridges in."

"Ah," said Mr. Quest. "She always thought that she understood guns. It is a shocking accident."

Just then one of the doctors came running up the lawn, carrying a box of instruments, and followed by Belle Quest, and in another minute was at work. He was a quick and skilful surgeon, and having announced that the patient was not dead, at once set to work to tie one of the smaller arteries in the throat, which had been pierced, and through which Edward Cossey was rapidly bleeding to death. By the time that this was done the other doctor, an older man, put in an appearance, and together they made a rapid examination of the injuries.

Belle stood by holding a basin of water. She did not speak, and on her face was that same fixed look of horror which Harold had observed after the discharge of the gun.

When the examination was finished the two doctors whispered together for a few seconds.

"Will he live?" asked Mr. Quest.

"We cannot say," answered the older doctor. "We do not think it probable that he will. It will depend upon the extent of the injuries, and whether or no they have extended to the spine. If he does live he will probably be paralyzed to some extent, and he will certainly lose the hearing of the right ear."

When she heard this, Belle sank down upon a chair overwhelmed, and then the two doctors, assisted by Harold, set to work to carry Edward Cossey into another room, which had been rapidly prepared, leaving Mr. Quest alone with his wife.

He came and stood in front of her and looked her in the face, and then laughed. "Upon my word," he said, "we men are bad enough, but you women beat us in wickedness."

"What do you mean?" she said, faintly.

"I mean that you are a murderess, Belle," he said, solemnly. "And you are a bungler too. You could not hold the gun straight."

"I deny it," she said; "the gun went off—"

"Yes," he said, "you are wise to make no admissions; they might be used in evidence against you. Let me counsel you to make no admissions. But now look here. I suppose that this man will have to lie in this house until he recovers or dies, and that you will help to nurse him. Well, I will have none of your murderous work going on here. Do you hear me? You are not to complete at leisure what you have begun in haste."

"What do you take me for?" she asked, with some return of spirit. "Do you think I would injure a wounded man?"

"I do not know," he answered, with a shrug; "and as for what I take you for, I take you for a woman whose passion has made her mad," and he turned and left the room.

When they had got Edward Cossey, dead or alive—and he looked more like death than life—up to the room prepared for him, the Colonel, seeing that he could be of no further use, left him, with a view of going at once to the castle.

On his way out he looked into the drawing-room, and there was Mrs. Quest, still sitting on the chair and gazing blankly before her. Pitying her, he entered. "Come, cheer up, Mrs. Quest," he said, kindly; "they hope that he will live."

She made no answer.

"It is an awful accident, but I am almost as culpable as you, for I left the cartridges in the gun. Anyhow, God's will be done!"

"God's will!" she said, looking up, and then once more relapsed into silence.

He turned to go, when suddenly she rose and caught him by the arm.

"Will he die?" she said, almost fiercely. "Tell me what you think—not what the doctors say—you have seen lots of wounded men and know better than they do. Tell me the truth."

"I cannot say," he answered, shaking his head.

Apparently she interpreted his answer as yes

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

At any rate she covered her face with her hands.

"What would you do, Colonel Quaritch, if you had killed the only thing you loved in the whole world?" she asked, presently. "Oh, what am I saying?—I am off my head. Leave me, and go and tell Ida; it will be good news for Ida."

Accordingly, having picked up his gun from the spot where it had fallen from the hands of Mrs. Quest, he started for the castle.

And then it was that for the first time there flashed upon his mind the extraordinary importance of this dreadful accident in its bearing upon his own affairs. If Cossey died he could not marry Ida, that was clear. That was what Mrs. Quest must have meant when she said that it would be good news for Ida. But how did she know anything about Ida's engagement to Edward Cossey? And, by Jove! what did the woman mean when she asked what he would do if he had killed the only thing he loved in the world? Cossey must be the "only thing she loved"; and now he thought of it, when she believed that he was dead she called him "Edward, Edward."

Now Harold Quaritch was as simple and unsuspicious a man as it would be easy to find, but he was no fool. He had moved about the world, and on various occasions come in contact with cases of this sort, as most other men have done. He knew that when a woman, in a moment of distress, calls a man by his Christian name, it is because she is in the habit of thinking of him and speaking to him by that name. Not that there was much in that by itself, but in public she called him "Mr. Cossey." "Edward," clearly, then, was the "only thing she loved"; and Edward was secretly engaged to Ida, and Mrs. Quest knew it.

Now when a man has the fortune, or rather the misfortune, to be the only thing a married woman ever loved, and when that married woman is aware of the fact of his devotion for and engagement to somebody else, it is obvious, he reflected, that in nine cases out of ten the knowledge will excite strong feelings in her breast—feelings, indeed, which in some natures would amount almost to madness.

When he had first seen Mrs. Quest that afternoon she and Cossey were alone together, and he had noticed something unusual about her, something unnatural and intense. Indeed he had, he remembered, told her that she looked like the Tragic Muse. Could it be that the look was the look of a woman maddened by insult and jealousy, who was meditating some fearful crime? *How did that gun go off?* He did not see it, and he thanked God that he did not, for somehow we are not always as anxious to bring our fellow-creatures to justice as we might be, especially when they happen to be young and lovely women. How did it go off? She understood guns; he could see that from the way she handled it. Was it likely that it exploded of itself, or owing to an accidental touch of the trigger? It was possible, but not likely. Still, such things had been known to happen, and it would be impossible to prove that it had not happened in this case. If it was an attempted murder it was very cleverly managed, because nobody could prove that it was not accidental. But could it be that that soft, beautiful, baby-faced woman had, on the spur of the moment, taken advantage of his loaded gun to wreak her jealousy and her wrongs upon her faithless lover? Well, the face is no mirror of the quality of the soul within, and it was possible. Further than that it did not seem to him to be his business to inquire.

By this time he was at the castle. The Squire was out, but Ida was in, and he was shown into the drawing-room while the servant went to seek her. Presently he heard her dress rustle upon the stairs, and the sound of it sent the blood to his heart, for where is the music that is more sweet than the rustling of the dress of the woman whom we love?

She came in and shook hands with him. "Why, what is the matter?" she said, noticing the disturbed expression on his face.

"Well," he said, "there has been an accident—a very bad accident."

"Who?" she said. "Not my father?"

"No, no; Mr. Cossey."

"Oh," she said, with a sigh of relief. "Why did you frighten me so?"

The Colonel smiled grimly at this unconscious exhibition of the relative state of her affections.

"What has happened to him?" asked Ida, this time with a suitable expression of concern.

"He has been accidentally shot."

"By whom?"

"Mrs. Quest."

"Then she did it on purpose—I mean—is he dead?"

"No; but I believe he will die."

They looked at each other, and each read in the eyes of the other the thought which passed through their brain. If Edward Cossey died, they would be free to marry. So clearly did they read it that Ida actually interpreted it in words.

"You must not think that," she said; "it is very wrong."

"It is wrong," answered the Colonel, apparently in no way surprised at her interpretation of his thoughts, "but unfortunately human nature is human nature."

Then he went on to tell her all about it. Ida made no comment, that is, after those first words, "she did it on purpose," which burst from her in her astonishment. She felt, and he felt too, that the question as to how that gun went off was one which was best left uninquired into by them. No doubt if the man died there would be an inquest, and the whole matter would be investigated. Meanwhile one thing was certain: Edward Cossey, whom she was engaged to, was shot and likely to die.

Presently, while they were still talking, the Squire came in from his walk, and to him also the story was told, and to judge from the expression of his face he thought it a serious one enough. If Edward Cossey died, the mortgages over the Honham property would, as he thought, of course pass to his heir, who, unless he had made a will, which was not probable, would be his father, old Mr. Cossey, the banker, from whom Mr. De la Molle well knew he had little mercy to expect. This was serious enough, and what was still more serious was that all the bright prospects in which he had for some days been basking of the re-establishment of his family upon a securer basis than it had occupied for generations would vanish like a vision. Now he was not more worldly-minded than other men, but he did most fondly cherish the natural desire to see the family fortunes once more in the ascendant. The projected marriage between his daughter and Edward Cossey would have most fully brought this about, and however much he might in his secret heart distrust the man himself, and doubt whether the match was really acceptable to Ida, he could not view its collapse with indifference. While they were still talking the dressing-bell rang, and Harold rose to go.

"Stop and dine, won't you, Quaritch?" said the Squire.

Harold hesitated and looked at Ida. She made no movement, but her eyes said "stay," and he sighed and yielded. Dinner was rather a melancholy feast, for the Squire was preoccupied with his own thoughts, and Ida had not much to say, while, so far as the Colonel was concerned, the recollection of the tragedy which he had witnessed that afternoon, and of all the dreadful details with which it was accompanied, was not conducive to appetite.

As soon as dinner was over the Squire announced that he would walk into Boisingham to inquire how the wounded man was getting on, and shortly afterward he started, leaving his daughter and the Colonel alone.

They went into the drawing-room and talked about indifferent things. No word of love passed between them; no word, indeed, that could bear even an affectionate significance, and yet every sentence they said carried a message with it, and was as heavy with unuttered passion as a bee with honey. For they loved each other dearly, and love is a thing that cannot be concealed by lovers from each other. Like the air impalpable, it is like the air surrounding, and to those who breathe it necessary and real.

It was happiness to him merely to sit beside her and hear her speak, and watch the changes of her face, and the lamp-light playing upon her hair, and it was happiness to her to know that he was sitting there and watching. For the most beautiful thing about deep affection is its accompanying sense of perfect companionship and rest, a sense that nothing else in this life can give, and which, like a lifting cloud, reveals a glimpse of the white peaks of that heavenly peace that we cannot hope to tread in our stormy journey through the world.

And so the evening wore away till at last they heard the Squire's loud voice talking to somebody outside. Presently he entered.

"How is he?" asked Harold. "Will he live?"

"They cannot say," was the answer. "But two great doctors have been telegraphed for from London, and will be down to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RUSSIAN TROIKA.

Of all the gay equipages that enliven the streets of the Russian capital the *troika* is by far the most showy and dashing, and this is largely due to the fact that two-thirds of the horse-power is merely ornamental. The animals are harnessed three abreast, the middle one being a strong, swift, steady roadster, which will go straight ahead at a slashing pace for hours. His companions are giddy young things, that are merely expected to look pretty, and make as much flurry about it as possible. Usually they have the long flowing manes and tails that nature intended them to wear, for "bangs" have never become fashionable in the equine world of Russia, nor has the still more objectionable practice of docking counted many victims. The beauty of these steeds, however, is by no means unadorned. Their slender harnesses are tricked out with silver or gold spangles and chains, and as they dash along, plunging, frisking, and tossing their spirited heads, the effect is often very like a runaway. A New York mounted policeman would probably instantly give chase to such a turnout if it passed him in the Park, under the impression that it was his duty to effect a rescue.

In addition to all this, the horses are often covered from head to tail with large nets of some appropriate color, trimmed with flowing fringes that brush the dash-board of the sleigh when in motion, and add indescribably to the airy grace of the whole.

To manage such a fly-away team requires no small degree of skill, and the drivers are not a whit behind their horses in the matter of picturesqueness. They wear pelisses with great fur collars, and four-cornered hats of blue or crimson edged with gold or silver cord. Behind them perhaps one may see two or more ladies in velvet costumes with fur-trimmed hats, or gentlemen wrapped to the eyes in fur-lined cloaks. Behind these again are two footmen, distinguished in the case of different officials by long bright-colored cocks' feathers flowing from their *chapeaux bras*.

In other days the imperial household often appeared on the public drives with a brilliant escort of outriders, but now they are rarely seen, and when they do appear the streets are so occupied by troops that they wear an aspect suggestive rather of grim-visaged war than of a midwinter holiday.

At all ordinary times, however, during the continuance of steady cold, the streets wear the holiday garb that travellers have told about ever since Russia emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Parisian taste and skill affect in-door costumes, but they can never do away with the characteristics of out-door national dress while the mercury shrinks into its bulb or freezes solid.

THE CRUISER "BALTIMORE."

In the new steel war vessel *Baltimore*, launched from the yard of the **Cramps**, at Philadelphia, the government possesses the largest of the cruisers designed under Secretary **Whitney**'s administration which has yet taken to the water. She has a displacement, indeed, two and a half times as great as that of the *Yorktown*, launched from the same yard a few months ago, while the speed expected of her and her battery power will place her in the front rank of protected cruisers of her class.

The *Baltimore* has been constructed from the plans once known as those of "No. 27," purchased for our navy by Secretary **Whitney** from the English firm of Sir **William G. Armstrong** & Co., and designed by **White**, now Chief Constructor of the British Navy, while he was in their employ. She is 315 feet long between perpendiculars and 335 feet over all, 48½ beam, with a mean draught of 19¼ feet, and a maximum of 21, and displaces 4413 tons. She has no sail power, except storm-sails, and has two military masts, with machine-guns in the tops. Her twin-screw, triple-expansion engines are to develop with natural draught 7500 and with forced draught 10,750 horse-power, which should give her a maximum speed of 19 knots. The *Chicago*, whose successful trial occurred a few months ago, is of about the same size as the *Baltimore*, and will probably be a very useful vessel; but her engines developed at their maximum, with natural draught, only about 5250 horse-power, and her maximum speed was less than 16½ knots. The very great advance achieved by the *Baltimore* in this important particular is therefore manifest. The plans of the machinery of "No. 27" were by **Humphrys & Tennant**, a famous English firm.

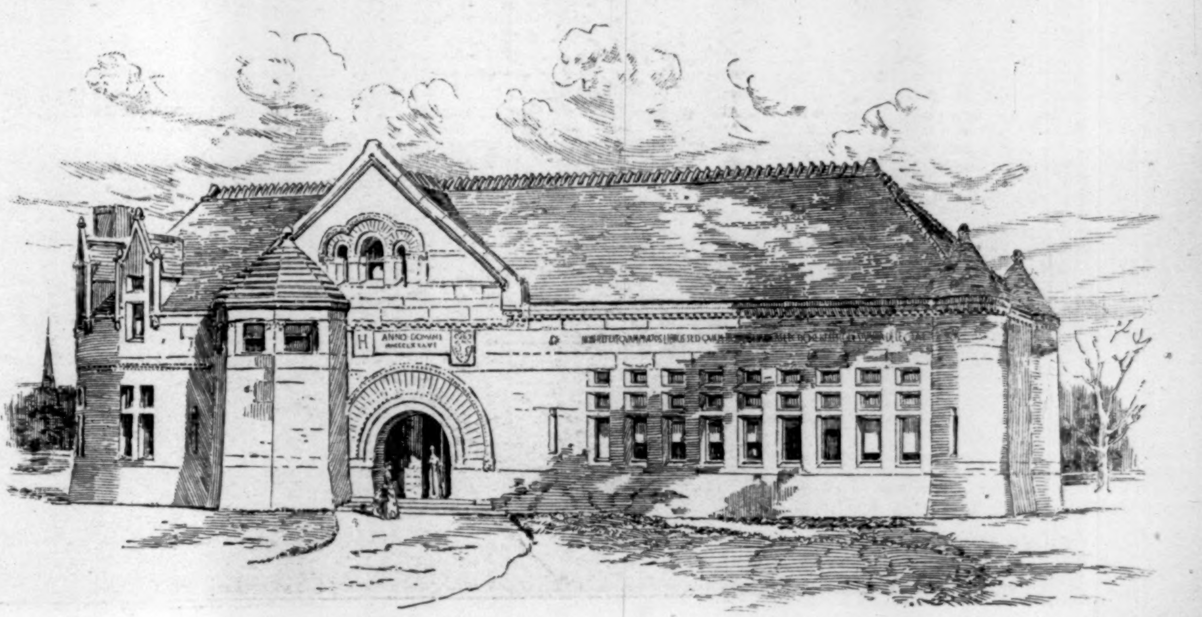
Her main battery will include four 8-inch and six 6-inch high-power steel rifled breech-loaders, two each of the former being at the bow and stern respectively, while the 6-inch will be amidships. These are so arranged as to have a great concentration of fire. Of course also there is a good secondary battery of rapid-fire and revolving guns—Hotchkiss and Gatling—and a supply of tubes for launching automobile torpedoes. Built of steel throughout, the *Baltimore* has a double bottom under the entire space occupied by the motive machinery. A curved steel deck from two and a half to four inches thick slopes from a foot above the load-line amidships to four feet below the line at the sides. Besides the protection thus afforded to the engines, boilers, and ammunition-rooms, these are further protected by the arrangement of her bunkers, which give them the benefit of a belt of coal for keeping out hostile shot. Her ventilation, water-tight compartments, electric-lighting plant, electric search-lights, and other apparatus of modern war vessels will doubtless be fully up to the highest standard.

The keel of the *Baltimore* was laid last year, and it was expected that she would be not only launched but complete in June of the present year; but delays in furnishing the steel under the tests required by the authorities made this rapidity of construction impracticable. The high speed contracted for is secured by penalties for every unit of horse-power below what the contract calls for, to be subtracted from the contract price of $1,325,000, which is the cost of hull and engines, while for each unit above that amount there is a corresponding premium. There are penalties against overweight of machinery in producing this remarkable speed, the limit being 900 tons. With the engine power and the efficiency of the vessel in other respects, the *Baltimore* is a cruiser that the country may well be proud of. The number of vessels afloat that can make nineteen knots is extremely small; yet the last navy bill of Congress provides for a twenty-knot cruiser, which, however, is to be a larger vessel. But the *Baltimore* will at least have her day of standing at the head of our regular cruising navy.

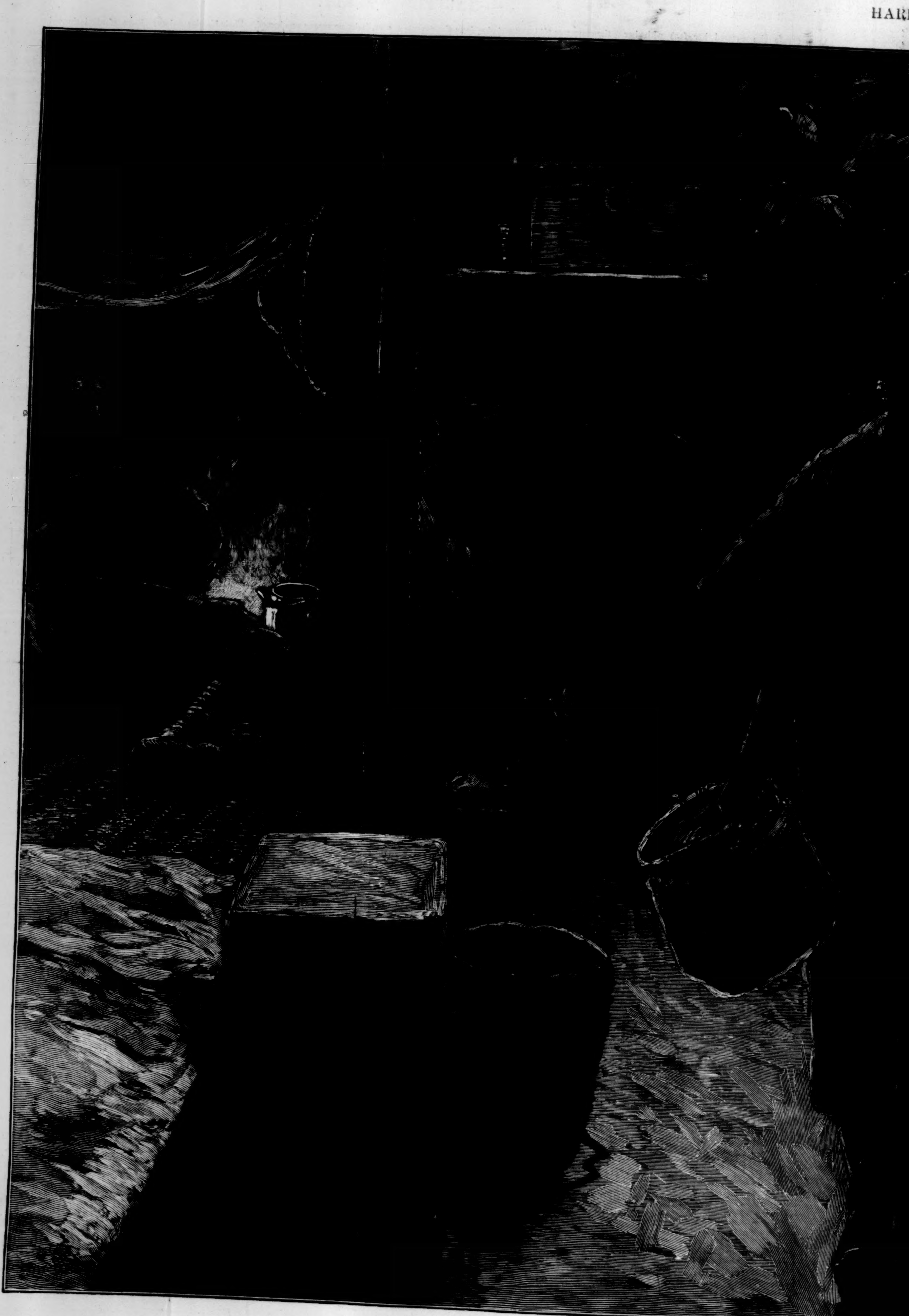
A PUBLIC LIBRARY IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans commemorates the career and public spirit of the late **Charles T. Howard**, an affluent citizen of that city, who had gained a reputation for philanthropic acts. Before his death, which occurred suddenly at Dobbs Ferry, New York, Mr. **Howard** had for some time contemplated giving to the city a public library, and his plans for it had been nearly completed. Since then the project has been carried forward by his son, **Frank T. Howard**, and is daughter, **Annie T. Howard**, the gift taking the form of a memorial. The design which had been selected by Mr. **Howard**, and which is seen in the illustration, is the work of the late H. H. **Richardson**, of Boston, who was a native of New Orleans. The death of Mr. **Richardson**, however, occurred before the plans of Mr. **Howard** had taken definite shape, and the design, in consequence, is one which Mr. **Richardson** had not prepared with reference to this special project. The cost of the structure is $98,000. It is a two-story edifice containing a spacious reading-room, is well lighted and ventilated, and is capable of housing 100,000 volumes. Much progress has already been made by the builders, and it is expected that by the middle of October it will be completed. The material of the exterior is brown stone, from the Kibbe quarry, Massachusetts, with a roof of red tile. The wood-work of the interior is quartered white oak.

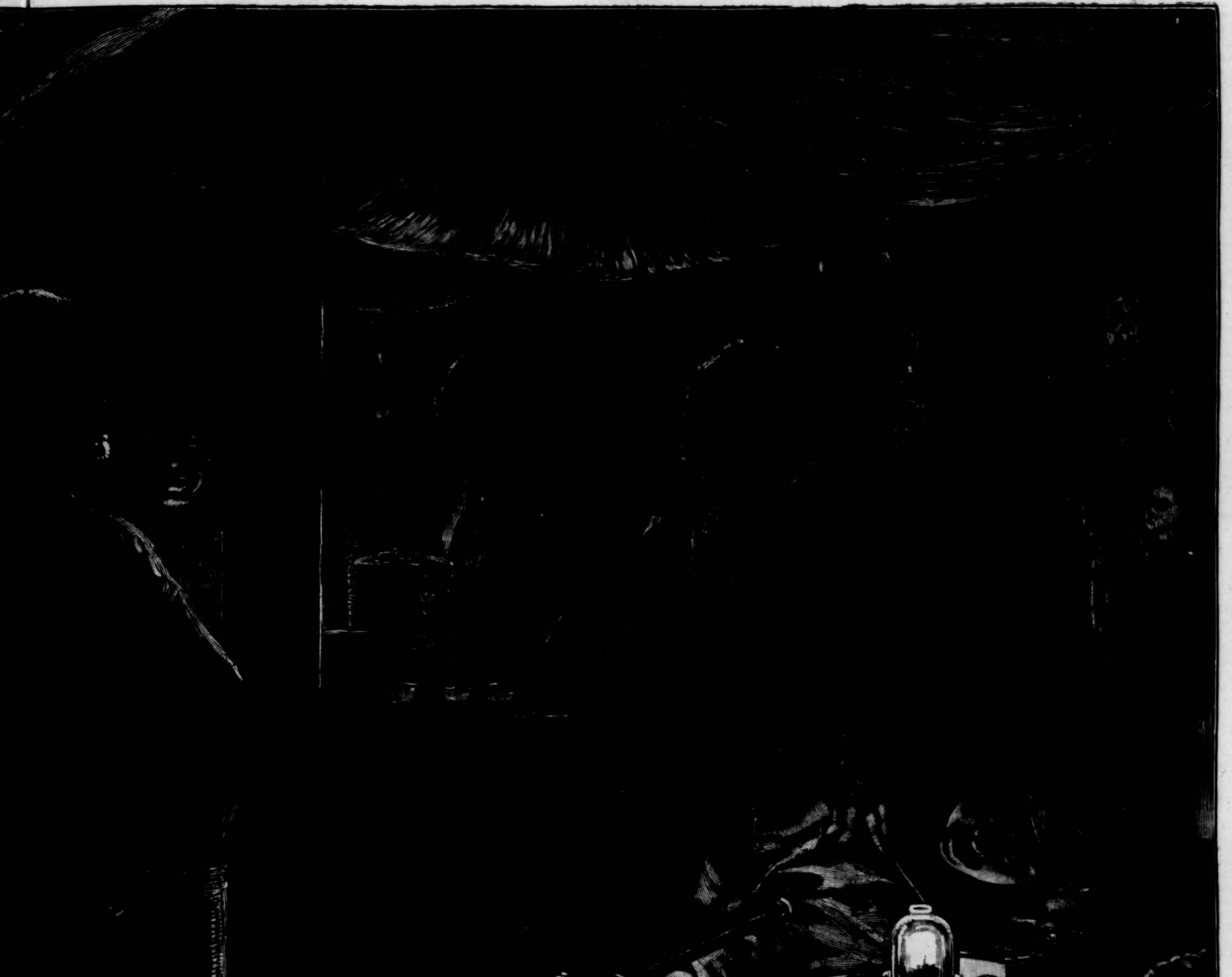
It is promised for this institution that it will exceed in size and value all similar ones in the South. It will be especially useful as a library of reference, and will afford the best facilities that modern libraries possess for the consulting student. A board of trustees will control its affairs, the charter being modelled after that of the Astor Library of New York. In fact, what the Astor Library is for us, the Howard Library will aim to become for the people of New Orleans. A gentlemen long connected with the Astor Library, Mr. **Charles Alexander Nelson**, will be the librarian. Mr. **Nelson** has just completed a catalogue of additions to the Astor Library for the period of 1860–1881, a monumental work of 4276 pages, in four large volumes, on which he has been engaged for the past seven years. He will go to New Orleans to assume charge of the new library this month.



THE HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY OF NEW ORLEANS.



UNDERGROUND OPIUM DEN IN SAN FRA



RANCISCO.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 778.]

THE "LABOR QUESTION" ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.

If I were asked what is the most striking feature of the Pacific coast industrial situation, I should answer, the extremely unsettled condition of labor. Labor is none too well "settled" anywhere, but it is less so on the Pacific coast than in the East. In the East every boy is told he *may* become President. He also listens to the story of the poor young man with a mouse-trap, who learned to make traps for larger game, and became a millionnaire. The Eastern boy hears of these things as he hears of Aladdin and his lamp, then quits school and settles down to learn a trade or profession, which, generally speaking, he follows the rest of his life. On the Pacific coast it is different. It is not school-boys who dream of becoming Presidents and millionnaires; it is men. And the dream is not a dream to them, but a sober reality that enters into their daily calculations, and shapes their daily course of action. In New York if a man becomes a street-car driver, the chances are he becomes so permanently; but in San Francisco your street-car driver of to-day may have been a lawyer yesterday, and may be a doctor to-morrow. At a fashionable ball a few years ago one of the guests was obliged to take leave of his hostess before the dancing ceased, as he explained, "because it was four o'clock, and he was required to be on his street-car every morning at five." In former times this car-driver had been a lawyer of both prominence and ability. I do not know his subsequent history, but it would not be rash to surmise that he either made a fortune in mines, stocks, or otherwise, or died a pauper, perhaps a suicide. At a public gathering you may sit between two men, one of whom, an ex-restaurant waiter, has now an income of a million a year, the other of whom was formerly wealthy, but has now to lay brick for a living. A resident in San Francisco for seventeen years, who has made and lost several fortunes, said that he could count on the fingers of one hand the men who are rich now who were also rich when he came to California in 1870. The master carpenter who superintended the erection of this gentleman's dwelling turned up six months later as a book agent, and offered to sell a "complete history of the world for the small sum of ten dollars and fifty cents." When next he appeared on the scene it was as owner of a fruit-tree nursery. In that capacity he chanced to make a hit, and having married the cook of the man for whom he built the dwelling, the ex-carpenter and book agent and the ex-cook now drive in their own carriage, and give entertainments that are attended by the élite of society. On trips in the interior of California I have come across men who could read Homer in the original and solve problems in conic sections working as farm-hands for a dollar and fifty cents a day. One man, a graduate of Yale College, and formerly a wealthy lawyer, was ploughing in company with a gang of Chinamen.

This unsettled condition of society incident to a new country, and in California augmented by other influences, has tended to produce what at first might seem an odd, but what is really a natural, result. Figures demonstrate the existence of certain facts. It is the business of the statistician to find out what has produced these facts. Careful inquiry shows that in California there is an unusually large amount of marital unhappiness; the number of divorces is unusually large in proportion to the population. This of course arises in part from the laxity of the law, from the ease with which divorce may be obtained, and from the fact that residents of other States come hither to obtain divorces. The fundamental reason, however, is the unsettled condition of labor and society. A marriage for money may be endured as long as the money lasts, but when the former millionnaire has to take to carpentering or driving a milk cart, the matrimonial bonds become irksome, and there is a divorce case for the statistician to record. The trouble may also arise not from becoming poor, but from becoming rich. A physician who flourished in San Francisco several years ago had for a long time enjoyed a moderate practice, and lived contentedly with his "original" wife. One day he hung out a sign as specialist. He obtained reputation as a fine oculist; large fees poured upon him; he became rich, and promptly obtained a divorce. His wealth continuing to increase, he procured a divorce from the wife he had taken after his first divorce, in order that he might again marry to suit his new standard—a standard that did not become higher perhaps, but that changed with each increase in riches. It may seem whimsical, but it is nevertheless very probable that in San Francisco the climate is also in part responsible for the large amount of marital infelicity. During the whole year around it is just chilly enough to make it uncomfortable without a fire, but not quite cold enough to induce an economical person to burn his gas or coal. A working-man, when he comes home at night, does not sit with his wife in the doorway, as he would or could do in the East. It is too chilly; the fog is damp, penetrating. The San Francisco workman puts on his hat and goes somewhere to keep warm. When the house is put to rights, the wife must also keep in locomotion to prevent freezing. This constant gadding about of course has a bad effect, and if the matter could be traced, it would doubtless prove partly responsible for many of the divorces that burden the pages of the official dockets.

The remarks made concerning the unsettled condition of labor apply even more closely to working-women than to working-men. The latter are beginning to realize that all cannot become Presidents or millionnaires, and are therefore beginning to learn trades, with some view as to permanency. But of several hundred working-girls personally interviewed, scarcely a dozen were working from absolute necessity, nor did more than a dozen have any idea of following the occupation permanently. They live at home, work merely for spending-money or to buy fine clothing, and expect sooner or later—generally sooner—to marry, and let their husbands do the wage-earning. In San José I found a type-setter earning $5 50 a week, living in an eight-room cottage with a beautiful lawn and orchard. The furnishings were handsome—carpets, paintings, piano, etc. The young lady's father, a well-to-do physician, was able to support his family, but this particular daughter wanted extra spending-money, and so sought work in a printer's office. In fruit-packing factories I have found girls preparing to become teachers. They pack fruit in summer merely to earn "pocket"-money. The average life of a California shoe-fitter is three years. After that period she either marries, returns home, or gives the shoe business up and goes to a canning factory, woollen mill, or anything, just so it is a change. Though change is the law of nature, particularly in California, the foregoing remarks must be understood to refer to American-born labor. The Italian and other foreign labor which has but recently settled on the Pacific coast works there, as at home, from dire necessity, and is not by any means to be included in the list who work "sporadically" for mere pin or spending money. In this connection it is interesting to note with what difficulty is information obtained from this imported labor. In their own country I found them as communicative as magpies; in America the same people are clams. By what almost seems a remarkable coincidence, in a certain large American factory I came across an Italian whom I had once met in Italy. There he told me everything I cared to know—how much he earned, what he spent, how he lived. In the American factory he refused to say a word, as I afterward heard, because he thought I intended to levy a poll-tax upon him. The "happy medium" of intelligence is by no means happy for the labor investigator. A working man or woman of considerable intelligence understands the value of statistics, and to throw light on methods of labor and the manner of living of laborers will submit to what might ordinarily seem an impertinent examination into private affairs. On the other hand, laborers of limited intelligence, men and women who through drudgery are become mere machines, will answer questions as they will do anything else they are bidden. But from that portion of the working community that has just enough sense and schooling not to be automatic-like machines, but not enough sense to comprehend the purposes of statistical inquiries—from that portion it is difficult to extract any trustworthy information whatever. Here are one or two samples of replies made by San Francisco working-girls of this class, in answer to questions as to the effect of the work on their health:

"Makes me feeble; troubled with corns."

"Very injurious work; gives me toothache in my left ankle."

"Sanitary conditions bad, a young man being across the way resulting in my having palpitation of the heart. Pass a law to remove that young man, or make him shave off his mustache, otherwise I shall die of heart-disease."

"Work is causing me to gradually grow one-sided. To keep a straight appearance am forced to stand on an oyster can."

Those girls doubtless giggled and felt highly amused at the humor they thought they were displaying; at the same time, if there really was anything injurious in their work, or if there were evils admitting of legislative remedy, they could have taken no better way to choke off inquiry, and the probable benefits that would follow an accurate and complete knowledge of the case.

Any description of the Pacific coast industrial situation without allusion to the Chinese would be as incomplete as *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. The main outcry against the Chinese—at least the main outcry heard in the East—is that they work too cheaply. From a Chinese stand-point this, if a fact, would be just ground for discontent; but it is hard to see how it can be from the white man's point of view. Were it conceivable, through some extraordinary change in nature, that shoes, for instance, could be grown on bushes as cheaply as blackberries, would any sane man deplore the change? There would be a *displacement* of labor. Shoemakers would be compelled to do something else. But the energy now spent in shoeing the world would be released, would be free to apply itself in some productive direction, and the net gain to mankind would be enormous. In the same way, if shoes do not grow on bushes at a cost of nothing, but do grow out of the hands of Chinamen at a cost of next to nothing, the benefit to society at large is proportionately great.

This reasoning, however, is not necessary, for as a matter of fact Chinese "cheap" labor is more or less a myth. Chinese farm-laborers earn $1 50 a day. Farm-laborers in Eastern States are glad to get $25 a month and board. A New York house-keeper pays $16 for a German house-girl and cook. In San Francisco a Chinese cook in a small family is paid as high as $35 a month. A seventeen-year-old boy earns $5 a week. Chinese cigar-makers and sewing-machine operators earn $8 to $10 a week. In a tin-shop I saw a Chinaman making tin cans and earning $3 a day. These men have their unions, their boycotts, their strikes, quite in the same manner as white men. The Hong Tuck Tong (Chinese Cigar-makers' Union), of which the Hon. Mak Yan Lang is leading spirit and director, numbers 2000 members. Each pays $1 initiation fee. There is no regulation as to hours of labor, but no member of the union is permitted to work for less than the union rate, nor to work with any one else who works for less. In a recent instance forty Chinamen struck because ten new hands offered to accept less than the union rate. The strike lasted four days. At the end of that time the employer gave in, and the ten men were forced to join the union, and to pay a fine of $50 besides. A cigar manufacturer who issued an order forbidding his employés taking for their own use the finest cigars, found himself the next morning without a single Chinese employé. The white men and girls were at work as usual, but the Chinese did not return until a promise was made to exempt them from the obnoxious rule. The anomaly was then presented of a white employer giving his Chinese employés privileges not granted the whites. In the same way, in a fruit-packing factory, there was a strike for permission to work sitting on benches. The white women failed, but not so with the Chinese. Their "Tong"—union—refused to let a Chinaman work for that factory until their demands were granted, and at the present time the Chinese sit, while in the same factory the white employés are required to stand.

The hall of the Hong Tuck Tong, in which meetings are held and scales of wages made, is handsomely furnished. The walls are hung with labor mottoes in good Chinese. The seats, unlike the wooden benches one would find in the hall of a white labor union, are made of smooth black wood, and ornamented with carving. At the end of the hall is a platform covered with straw matting, and provided with a complete opium outfit. Reclining here, with pipe in hand, the dignified Mak Yan Lang presides over the meetings and shapes the policy of his Tong. He spoke freely of the union, but refused the artist permission to sketch it, or the Joss which was kept in a separate room adjoining the hall. In reply to my objections that the big Joss, the public Joss, had been photographed, Yan Lang smiled serenely and shook his head: "Joss no likee. Big Joss no care; take care himself; but little Joss, him no likee."

There are few Chinese who do "likee." Bribes, entreaty, strategy, are often alike vain. "Chinaman no likee picture;" that is all there is to be had from them; and when the photographer sets up his tripod, or the artist takes out his sketch-book, they vanish. In a Chinese overall factory my artist held sole possession for two hours, while the hundred operators skulked around the alleys or corners, at a loss of $25, rather than have their faces sketched. The Kam Yee Tong—Clothing-makers' Union—has 850 members. A white manufacturer, who employed members of the Kam Yee, once succeeded in getting his men to work for ten cents a dozen less than the union rate on his agreeing to keep a false set of books showing an ostensible payment of regular rates. This scheme prospered for a while; then it was discovered, the renegade members of the Kam Yee were expelled, and the manufacturer was black-listed—that is, was not furnished with more men by the union, but was left to the uncertain resource of "scab" Chinese and white labor. The gold and silver workers have a union, called the Hong Wo Tong, more exclusive than the other Tongs mentioned. To join this Tong $10 initiation must be paid, and the applicant must have served a six-years' apprenticeship in his trade. When he has done this, he hires himself out by the year, at the rate of $1 50 for each working-day.

There are only fifteen holidays in the year, so that, unless sick or voluntarily idle, the Chinese gold and silver worker makes $525 a year. The hours of labor are from ten to twelve, from half past twelve to half past four, and again from eight until eleven at night. The intermissions at 12.30 and 4.30 are for lunch and dinner. Breakfast is eaten at nine o'clock, thus bringing all three meals close together. Another Tong, of more importance than any yet mentioned, is the "Chi Kung," of which Ng Ah Fook is general manager. Members of the Chi Kung claim that they are like "Melican" masons, but those acquainted with its secret workings know that the Chi Kungs, or "High-binders," as they are commonly called, are a set of thugs and black-mailers. Ng Ah Fook levies a tribute of five dollars a week from each gambling-house in Chinatown. If a Chinaman is to be gotten rid of, the High-binders for a consideration will undertake to "remove" him. An officer of the secret force, from whom I obtained much information on this subject, was himself once black-listed by the Chi Kungs, and a reward of $800 offered for his head. Being a cool man, a good shot, and always armed, he has thus far escaped, though two or three midnight attacks and one murder has resulted from the attempts of the Kungs to remove their enemy.

Summing up the question, I should say that a careful survey of the industrial situation in California would not induce a logical mind to object to the Chinese from an economical stand-point. Considered from a moral point of view, it might be otherwise. The Chinaman is a thorn in the side of society—a foreign substance that seems incapable of assimilation and absorption into the body. The gambling hells, squalid hovels, dens of prostitution, slavery of women, exist in defiance of law, and on a scale that defies description and challenges belief. Hundreds of men and women burrow under the ground like rats. In a den sixteen feet long by two and a half wide and seven high, reached by an underground passageway fifty feet long, I found two rows of bunks separated by a two-foot aisle. The first tier of bunks was one foot from the floor, the second tier was three feet above the first, and the smoke-begrimed ceiling was three feet above that. Here in this foul, inky dark hole twenty-four persons were stretched, either asleep or smoking opium. The den rents for six dollars a month, making the daily price of lodging for each person the small sum of five-sixths of a cent. For the hovels of Naples the Italian working-men pay only one or at most two dollars a month; but if an Italian family of ten persons live huddled in one room, it is because compelled by necessity. The Chinese, however, seem to prefer squalor and darkness. In the den above mentioned were several cooks for white families earning $30 a month and board. In preference to the rooms offered by their employers they selected the quarters in which I found them, because at night "Chinaman likee be with Chinaman and smoke opium." A Chinese working-man's trousers and blouse cost $1 50; his shoes cost $1 40. Here is a tabulated statement of the earnings and spendings of a Chinese broom-maker:

Lives twenty feet under ground in den ten feet long, seven feet wide, and six feet high. Six men sleep in same den. Eats breakfast of rice and pork at nine o'clock; dinner at four, of rice and pork and tea. Earns 90 cents a day, $315 a year.

Cost of Living.	Per Day.	Per Year.
Two pounds of rice a day.	10 cents	$36 50
Pork	5 "	18 25
Bread	3 "	10 95
Oil, vinegar, etc	2 "	7 30
Food	20 cents	$73 00
Clothing		5 00
Lodging, @ ½ cent per day		1 82
Two queues, @ 75 cents each		1 50
Shaving head twice a month		3 60
Total yearly cost of living		$84 92

To this actual cost of living must be added, in the vast majority of cases, a sum for opium about equal to the sum spent for food. The broom-maker works in the "Quong Sang Lang Co-operative Broom Factory." The Chinese idea of co-operation, however, does not, I think, extend beyond the sign over the door. The men are hired and paid so much per hundred brooms, just as they are paid in factories laying no claims to "co-operation."

No. 8 Bartlett Alley is a typical Chinese tenement rookery. Bartlett Alley is about the width of a boulevard in Naples—fifteen feet. No. 8 is entered by a passageway three feet wide. Ascend the narrow, rickety steps seven feet, and a sliding panel in the side of the staircase opens into the first tier of rooms or bunks, occupied by a family of eight. Continue to the top of the stairs and a nine by eighteen foot court is entered, with eight rooms opening into it, each room holding on an average seven persons. Another flight of rickety stairs leads to more layers of cramped, box-like compartments, each filled to overflowing with muddy-colored human beings. A hole five feet square in the centre of the court lets light down into the cellar, thirty feet below. Here, deep in the earth, are cells, dark, without ventilation, occupied by men who work, perhaps, two days out of seven, and the other five days smoke opium and sleep. By the aid of powerful calcium-lights photographs were taken of some of the lowest dens in Chinatown. The miserable occupants had never seen their own filth before. The light dazzled and blinded them. They hid their heads while the bright rays searched out every nook and corner, and photographed the scenes that it is impossible for pen to describe. Each of these dark cells rents for one dollar a month. The number of persons in each compartment averages six, so that the lodging costs each person five-ninths of a cent per day. In the centre of the cellar, under the square hole in the court above, is the brick oven, with as many compartments as there are cells. The tenants of each cell have the exclusive use of one hole in the oven, on which they set their kettle of rice and cook their five-cent meals. There is no chimney or smoke-stack, consequently the kitchen of a Chinese tenement-house is generally filled with an opaque atmosphere, which almost suffocates the unacclimated.

Chinese business places are on a scale similar to their dwellings. A shoe-store half a block from the lodging-house just described is precisely six feet deep, two and a half feet wide, and seven feet high. A ladder, which is set out on the pavement during the day, enables the two shoe merchants at night to climb up to their bunk over the shop. There, amid a pile of old shoes, rolls of sole-leather, pots, and kettles they sleep, apparently as contentedly as if in the Palace Hotel. Before climbing to their nest these pious Chinamen light a bunch of "punk" to keep the devil away. Punk, which burns very slowly, is an important adjunct to every Chinese workman's bench. If he has an imaginative mind, and sees spooks during the day, all he has to do is to reach over, light his punk, and the troublesome spook at once retires. It is a very strong-minded or very economical Chinaman who does not spend several dollars a year for "punk"; and many in addition seek the astrologers, or fortune-tellers, to be found on street corners. These Oriental Solons, for the trifling sum of ten cents, drive away evil spirits and tell your fortune besides. Punk, opium, and fortune-telling may be called the three principal weaknesses of the Chinese laborer. If he feels in a spending mood after indulging in these three luxuries he will buy a lottery ticket, or take a chance in some gambling game. Of course it is not possible to find out exactly how much is spent in this way, and no mention is made of these items in the foregoing tabulated expense account of the broom-maker, but from my observations of a number of Chinese workmen I should say at least from fifty to seventy-five dollars is spent per year on the three items of punk, gambling, and fortune-telling.

The bakery of Ngiu Ngwi Tai is in a cellar eight feet below the level of the street. At the further end of this black hole is a brick oven where the dough is placed and cooked by a charcoal fire—not under, but *over*, the oven—in a swinging iron basket. The dough is kneaded in as odd a manner as it is cooked. It is spread on the work-board and kneaded with a big bamboo cane fastened at one end of the board, making a sort of lever. When Ngwi Tai has finished his day's labor he retires to a box in his bakery. His workmen sleep in adjoining boxes, or often on the work-bench, which is quite as comfortable, one would think, as the ordinary Chinese bed—a board covered with a thin layer of straw matting, and lumbered up with opium-pipe outfits and household effects. The Chinaman's wardrobe is a sheet nailed loosely to the roof of his bunk. He stuffs his extra clothing, shoes, hats, etc., into this sheet over his head. The roof of a well-to-do Chinaman's bunk is often thus padded to a thickness of five or six inches. It is a very common custom for Chinese laborers to sleep and eat in the place where they work. This materially lessens the cost of living. A cigar or overalls maker earning $40 a month will sleep in a bunk over his machine, eat rice and bread in the back part of the factory, and spend for the actual necessities of life not more than eight or nine dollars a month. In not a few factories do white girls work at the same benches with Chinamen. Often the dressing-rooms and closets are common to both sexes and races, and, moreover, are in the workshop, open to view, with no sort of privacy whatever. Such customs, of course, cannot but produce injurious results. At a shoe factory owned and conducted by Chinamen I found white girls with their sense of propriety so blunted they did not seem to mind in the least the free and easy customs around them. In Italy and several other of the southern European states the same conditions may be noted. In the government baths at Buda-Pesth, Hungary, the sexes bathe together without any pretence whatever of wearing bathing suits. While staring at the bathers who were in the pool at the time of my visit, a stout, red-cheeked peasant girl came in. She gave me an indifferent glance, then calmly took off her clothing, hung it on a peg, and was soon splashing and playing in the water. In the United States, aside from those Chinese factories employing white women, I have found nothing approaching the "promiscuousness" noted in Italy and Hungary. In New York tenement-houses there are many cases where the children of a family—grown sons and daughters—occupy the same sleeping apartments. There are, however, no public lodging-houses or baths in which the sexes are not separated, and no factories with dressing-rooms and closets that are not screened from the general view.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the social and industrial condition of the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Within the limits of a magazine article it is impossible to describe how women are imported for degraded purposes and held as slaves; how the "Six Companies" (representing the six chief provinces of China) import, or did once import, labor under contract, holding the laborer in absolute slavery until the lease he had given on himself expired; and how in San Francisco the Chinese have laws unto themselves, their secret courts executing even sentences of death, of which the State of California knows nothing. All this would require much space. Enough has been said to show that the Chinese do not assimilate with Caucasians; his presence is as the presence of a thorn, of a foreign substance—injurious in its effect just in proportion as the number of Chinese is large. It is this, and not "cheap labor," that is at the bottom of the dislike of white men for Chinamen. Whites and Chinese seem as incapable of mixing as oil and water. Their presence deters the immigration of more desirable labor from the East and from Europe. If that watchword of the California working-man, "The Chinese must go," can be sustained on any grounds, it will be because the Chinaman has no power of assimilation, because he is not a desirable citizen, and because he keeps away those who are desirable citizens. The objection that he works cheaply and lives economically cannot, as has been shown, be sustained either by justice or reason.

ALLIGATOR SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

Do young ladies in Louisiana include alligator shooting among their commoner amusements? If a fair creole were to have a Northern girl for her guest, would she say to her, "We will have lawn-tennis to-day and alligator shooting to-morrow, so get your gun ready, dear?" The case of hunting the great saurian by young ladies must be considered as rather exceptional. It may happen that Daddy Jack has come to the house with sad complaints of loss of stock. "Chickin, miss, an' pig, miss; an' he snap up dog, miss. 'Gater foolin' roun' all de time." So the young lady of the house, who has been taught by her brothers how to handle a rifle, and to close one pretty eye while looking down the barrel of the piece, so as to take "a bead," is not loath to try her prowess. There really is but little skill in alligator shooting, and no danger. Sometimes, under peculiar conditions, a near approach to the creature can be made. The art lies in hitting him in the right place. If directly facing the shooter, the chances of killing the reptile outright are slight. If the alligator presents his side to you, and you are anything of a shot, his days ought to be numbered. A ball sent in the eye cavity gives him his quietus, and one just back of the fore shoulder is usually fatal. A very neat shot is to break the back of the alligator as he swims in the water; but this portion of his person he rarely shows, the tip end of his ugly snout being usually the only part of him visible. Sometimes in Louisiana, when tracking unfrequented streams, alligators show a perfect indifference to the presence of their mortal enemy, man, and will allow the near approach of a boat.

The young lady in the dugout has taken her place in the bow. Her colored boatman has been deft and wary. The old man has long had a grudge against that particular 'gater. He has learnt exactly where the ugly monster comes to the bank and suns himself, his place of repose being near a deserted cabin. To shoot from a dugout is ticklish work, but the young lady knows to a nicety how the balance must be preserved. It may be irreverent to think that the dragon which St. George the hero really did kill was nothing more than the last of the crocodiles, who had made his way from Egypt to Cyprus. On this occasion, however, as Mr. Kemble has sketched it, the lady is the heroine of the bayou. A true aim has been taken behind the shoulder, where no scaly armor protects the brute. The clear ringing shot echoes, the 'gater makes a convulsive movement, and then his huge tail lashes the air. That tail, when the alligator is of any size, is a powerful weapon. It is with his tail that he is believed to sweep his prey into his jaws.

The general concensus of opinions of naturalists is that the North American alligator, though he will attack the smaller animals when pressed by hunger, is rarely aggressive, and that he is harmless, sluggish, and timid. Whether his cousin further south is to be trusted has never yet been absolutely decided, for Raleigh tells us of the "River of the Lagartos," a tributary of the Orinoko, and how he had "a negro, a very proper yoong fellow, who, leaping out of the Galley to swim in the mouth of the river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those Lagartos."

IRISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETES.

The recent invasion of the United States by a team of representative Irish athletes has been the means of adding to the already great popularity of amateur athletic sports in America. The athletic fever has during the past few years become wide-spread, and there is scarcely a city, town, or village from the Atlantic to the Pacific which does not boast of its athletic club. In this vicinity there are no fewer than a dozen well-equipped clubs devoted to the maintenance and fostering of healthful open-air pastimes of the track and field. Almost every regiment has its athletic association, and in many of the large business houses the young men have banded together for the purpose of encouraging and participating in the sports of the athletic arena.

On several occasions during the later years teams have been organized by the leading clubs of New York city and sent to Europe to contest for athletic supremacy with the young men of England, Ireland, and Scotland, famous for their strength, speed, and agility. The present season saw one of these American invasions of British domains in the shape of a dozen or more of America's best athletes sent over under the auspices of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs. This team of hardy and muscular Yankees journeyed through England and Ireland, and its members won distinction and glory, as well as a large number of valuable prizes, in any number of hard-fought athletic contests, in which running, jumping, hurdle-racing, and weight-throwing were the principal events.

During the American athletes' visit to Ireland they were most hospitably entertained. The bay at Kingston was full of craft decorated with American flags in honor of the visitors, and committees read addresses of welcome. Their reception at Dublin was enthusiastic in a marked degree. Immense crowds filled the streets, and for a time traffic was entirely suspended. Bands of music discoursed appropriate airs, and the shouting and hand-clapping would have been no mean welcome to a conquering army. The advent of the Americans filled the Irish athletes with enthusiasm to such an extent that they determined to repay the visitors in their own coin, and to this end the Gaelic Athletic Association organized a team comprising fifty of Ireland's most prominent athletes, enlisted from athletic clubs throughout the entire kingdom, and on September 25th this formidable body of muscle and sinew landed in New York city, where it was cordially received by representatives of several Irish organizations, and also by members of the leading athletic clubs. Up to the present time the members of the team have given several exhibitions of their athletic ability in track and field sports, and have also displayed their expertness at the Irish national game of hurling—a most ancient pastime, by-the-way, and also a most vigorous one, very similar to the American boys' game of "shinny," and not unlike polo, minus the ponies.

At the annual championship meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, announced to take place at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds on Saturday, October 13th, the Irish athletes will be pitted against some of the most expert runners, jumpers, and weight-throwers of America. These competitions are expected to be close and interesting, although it is expected that the Americans will succeed in capturing the greater number of prizes. In the running contests, as well as in the hurdle-racing and at jumping, the Yankee boys have thus far proven themselves well able to cope successfully with the very best of their Irish competitors, but in such feats of strength as throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and throwing the 56-pound weight the visitors exhibit superior skill, and the precision and dexterity with which they handle the weighty missiles invariably provoke well-deserved applause.

Perhaps the most prominent of the Irish athletes is Mr. J. S. Mitchell, the amateur champion hammer-thrower of England and Ireland. Mr. Mitchell has thrown the 16-pound hammer a distance of 136 feet 1½ inches, which is the best ever accomplished. He has also thrown the 56-pound weight a distance of 35 feet, tossed the 7-pound weight 90 feet 2 inches, and sent the 14-pound shot whirling over 53 feet 9 inches of space.

William Real is also extensively known throughout England and Ireland as a weight-thrower of great ability. At putting the 28-pound shot he covered a distance of 33 feet 4¾ inches, while with a shot weighing 42 pounds he has succeeded in scoring the unprecedented record of 28 feet 0¼ inch.

Mr. P. Keohan, a fine specimen of muscular humanity, is a jumper of remarkable ability. While jumping he uses weights, and in some of his best performances he has cleared 12 feet 3¼ inches in a standing long jump, 33 feet 3 inches in a standing hop, step, and jump, and 35 feet 11 inches in three standing long jumps.

The New York Athletic club is happy in the possession of a large number of amateur champion athletes, of which Messrs. W. L. Coudon, G. R. Gray, and G. Y. Gilbert form a representative trio.

Mr. Coudon has won many prizes in hammer-throwing and other weight-putting contests. He is of magnificent physique, and in addition to his weight-throwing abilities, has made several good records at other games. Mr. Coudon's feat of throwing the 16-pound hammer a distance of 119 feet 9 inches, using one hand only, is the greatest ever accomplished in the world. He has also thrown the 56-pound weight 27 feet 9 inches, while his records of 174 feet 8 inches with the 8-pound hammer, and 139 feet 6 inches with the 12-pound hammer, using one hand only, are the best ever made in this country.

Mr. Gray's specialty is shot-putting, at which game he enjoys the proud distinction of being the amateur champion of England, Ireland, Canada, and the United States. His record of 44 feet 5 inches with the 16-pound shot is the best in America, but he holds a still better record of 44 feet 9 inches made in Ireland in July last. Mr. Gray has thrown the 56-pound weight a distance of 26 feet 7 inches, and his remarkable feat of putting the 12-pound shot a distance of 50 feet 6 inches has never been equalled.

Mr. G. Y. Gilbert has long been famous as an amateur runner, the majority of his contests being at the mile and half-mile, at which distances he has won many prizes. Mr. Gilbert first came into prominence in 1885, in which year he won the amateur championship of America at one mile. As a cross-country runner he rates among the very best, and thinks nothing of a spin of five miles, up hill and down dale, over the open country. The exciting game of hare and hounds has a worthy exponent in Mr. Gilbert, who has led the chase on many occasions, and it must indeed be a speedy hound who would capture Mr. Gilbert as the hare.

At the conclusion of the Irish athletic team's tour, which will embrace the most important cities of the United States and Canada, it is expected that a grand international athletic tournament will be held in New York city, at which the representative athletes of America and Ireland will contest for supremacy.

STEAM NAVIGATION ABROAD.

The uninitiated American who should start either from London or Liverpool, and proceed southward toward Gibraltar, would be astonished at the number of large steamers he encountered. Across the Bay of Biscay they reach to the West Indies and Brazil, down the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope or around the Horn, among the islands of the South Sea; or ploughing through the Strait of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, they reach to Mauritius and Bombay, Calcutta and Hong-Kong. Never has there been any such ownership of shipping in the United States as that of these English, French, and Italian lines, a bare enumeration of whose names would fill this column. The well-known Cunard and Anchor lines, too, would have to be included in this list, for their North American service is but a part of the vast trade they carry on with the Mediterranean and the East Indies.

Undoubtedly the oldest of these companies, some of which own splendid vessels by the hundred, is the Peninsular and Oriental, the first, too, to adopt the screw in steam navigation. Its fleet at the present day comprises fifty-two great steamers, measuring 182,000 tons, and built of steel and iron. The first steam vessel of the company was the *William Fawcett*, a small wooden paddle boat, little bigger than a modern tug-boat, built in the year 1829, 74 feet long, and 206 tons gross measurement, with engines of 60 horse-power. In 1840 the company's tender for a mail service to India and China was accepted under a royal charter of incorporation, and in September, 1842, the *Hindostan*, as the pioneer of the Oriental squadron of the fleet, sailed from Southampton. The mail contracts now extend to India, China, Japan, and Australia, and altogether the company gives employment to 10,000 men, ashore and afloat. The three largest and most powerful vessels of the fleet are the *Rome* (5013), the *Carthage* (5000), and the *Massilia* (4908), each of which has an effective horse-power of 5000, and, like all of the "P. and O." vessels, is fitted out to meet the Admiralty requirements for war cruisers. The vessels of this old-established line average a speed of 15 knots, seldom falling below this figure, while occasionally reaching a score of 17 knots. Every vessel is most luxuriously fitted up for the particular service on which it is engaged, and the reputation of the line stands as high to-day as it has done at any time during the last forty-five years.

A keen rival to the "P. and O." Company is the Orient Steam Navigation Company, which started its pioneer vessel in 1877, and now owns a fleet of twelve magnificent vessels, with a total tonnage of 50,000. The celebrated *Orient* of this line, which a few years ago reduced the record between London and Melbourne from 40 to about 30 days with a speed of 16 knots, was launched from the yard of the Messrs. Elder, of Fairfield, in 1879 (the builders of the *Etruria*, *Umbria*, and *Alaska*), and is still a favorite vessel of the fleet. The *Orient* registers 5400 tons, and was the grandest vessel for the conveyance of passengers that had up to her day ever appeared on the Thames. She was built as the first of a line of first-class steam-ships to go out to Australia, steaming all the way in less than 40 days, and returning by way of the Suez Canal. The vessel makes a magnificent spectacle on the water, for she is bark-rigged, with four raking masts plentifully equipped with snow-white canvas. Her dimensions are 460 feet by 45 feet, and her engines are of 5500 horse-power. She has three iron decks, and is divided into thirteen water-tight compartments, while as a security against fire she is divided into six compartments by fire-proof bulkheads, fitted with fire-proof doors, which can be instantaneously shut, and are always kept in perfect working order.

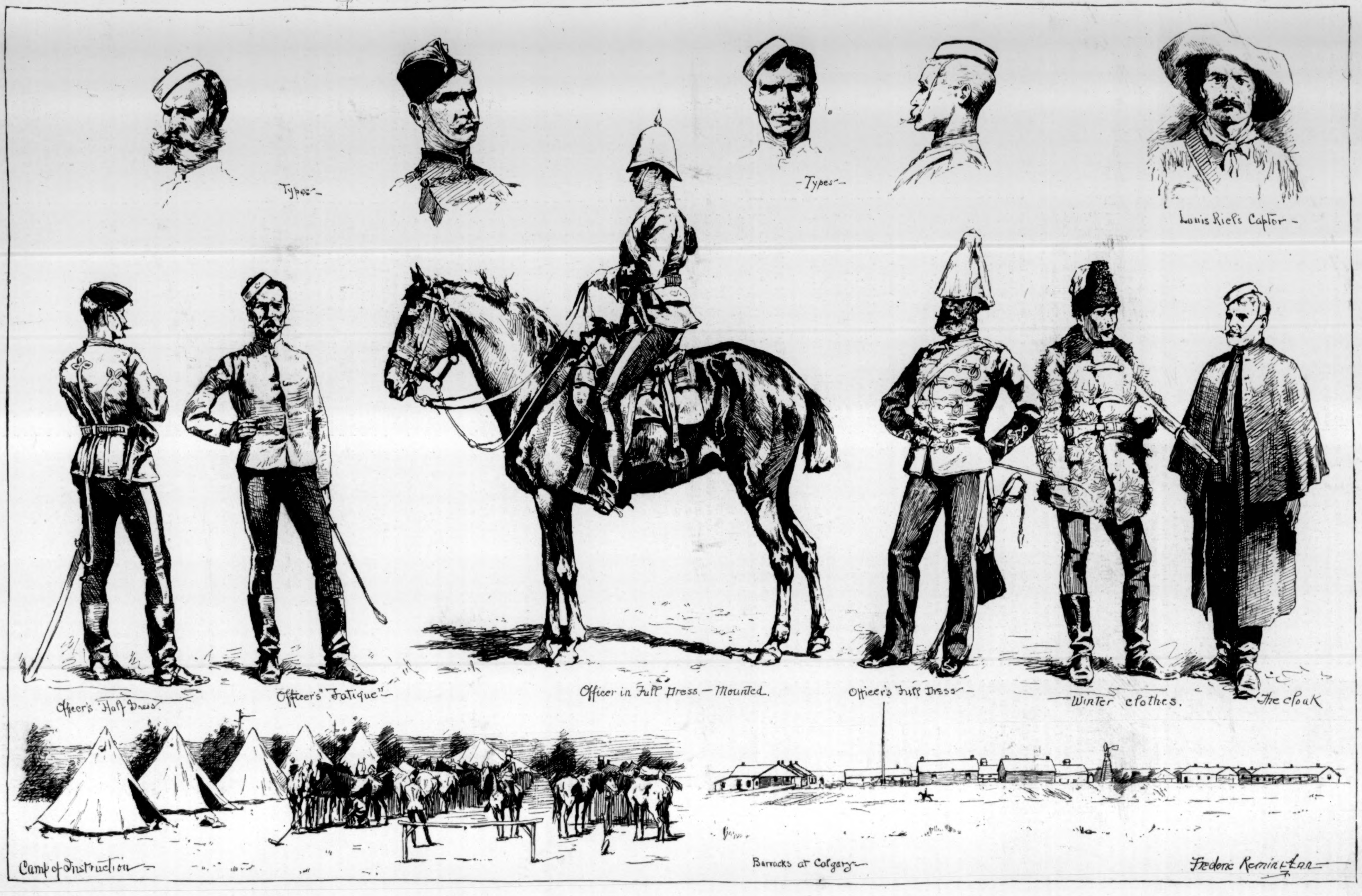
The chief saloon passengers have a promenade deck of 160 feet long, and the whole breadth of the vessel for their exclusive use, while the interior fittings of the different saloons and cabins are of the most superb description. The third-class accommodation on board this fine vessel merits particular notice from those who have the welfare and comfort of the emigrant at heart. Separate cabins with two berths are supplied for about $85 per berth, and roomy third-class berths, approached by separate passages, are given for $70. There are sixteen steam-engines for different purposes on the ship, and the arrangements for a constant and ample supply of fresh-water are such as might suffice for a town. As an additional protection against fire—the particular dread of the long voyage—the sea can be admitted bodily into any two of the thirteen water-tight compartments without sinking the ship. The *Orient* carries 120 first-class passengers, 130 second class, and 500 third class, and her life-saving arrangements are calculated to accommodate easily the full complement of passengers and crew in case of accident. The vessel is interesting in many points. Cattle enough to stock a farm are carried to provide fresh meat and milk on the voyage. The automatic ventilators used in the navies of England and the United States are fitted to all the lower decks, and when scuppers are closed in stormy weather the ventilators increase in activity, and expel the foul air through gigantic cowls. The first and second cabins are also kept sweet by ingenious artificial ventilation.

In December, 1881, the *Austral*, from the same noted yard, was added to the Orient fleet, and this handsome vessel, of 5600 tons and 6000 horse-power, is undoubtedly the fastest vessel in the English and Australian trade. She makes exceedingly rapid passages out and back, both by the Suez Canal and the Cape, her average speed being, under ordinarily favorable circumstances, 17½ knots an hour. With a promenade deck 200 feet long, a dining-saloon 40 feet square, seated to accommodate 120 persons, a drawing-room 32 feet by 16 feet, beautifully finished in white enamel and gold, and commodious cabins, a number of which are arranged to make up during the day into sitting-rooms, the *Austral* has proved a great favorite both with English and colonial passengers.

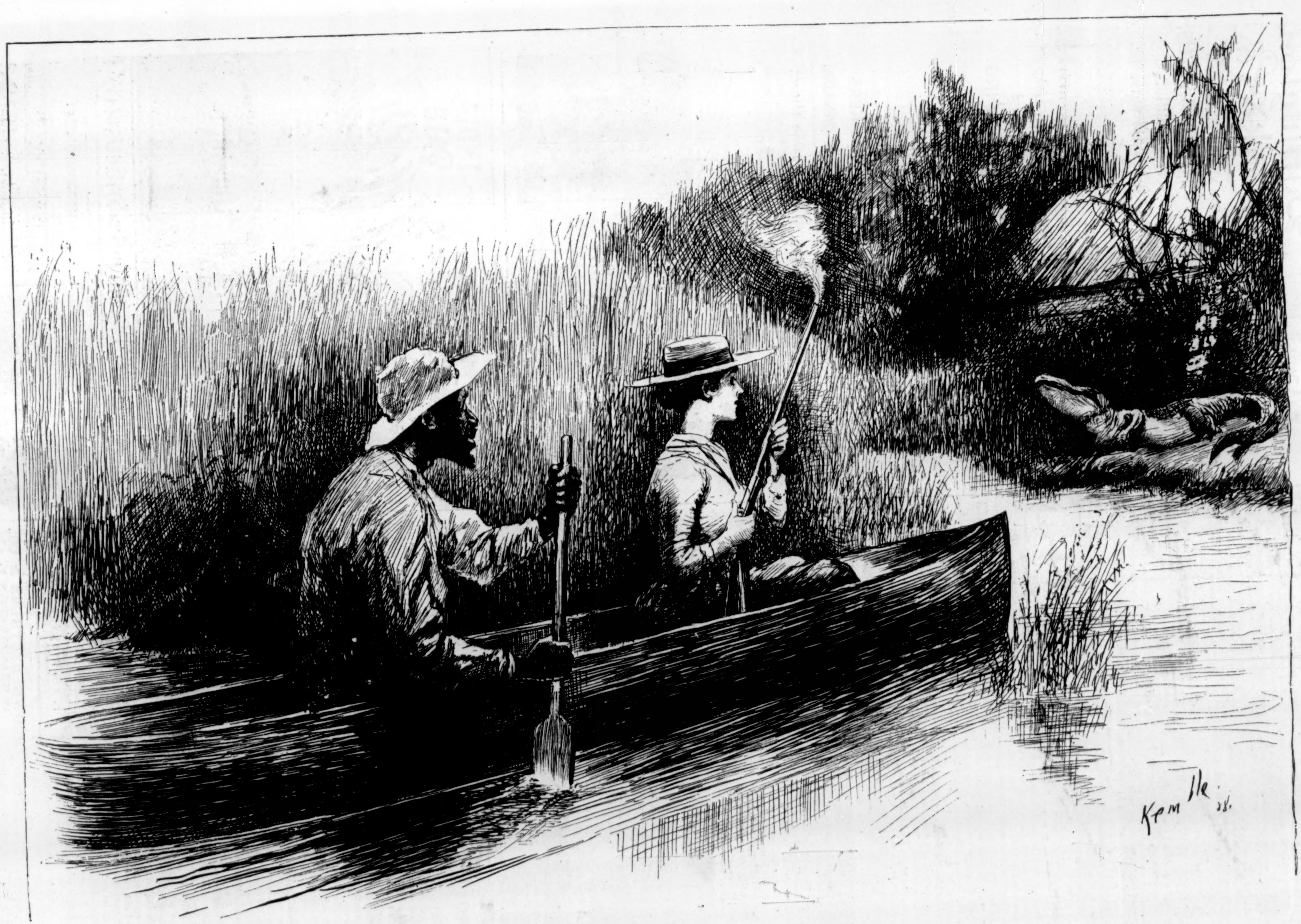
While Australia is excellently served by the "P. and O." and the Orient lines, the fine steamers of the New Zealand Shipping Company make the passage from England to that country in 42 days, one of them, the *Arawa*, having recently made the homeward voyage in 35 days, after traversing the distance between Rio and Plymouth in the unprecedented time of 15 days. Then we have the beautiful steamers of the Clan Line, sailing between Glasgow and Liverpool and East Indian ports; and the Union Steamship Company—the oldest Cape line—which includes a fleet of fine vessels with a total tonnage of 70,000. The *Hawarden Castle*, of Sir Donald Currie's famous Cape line, is a name which was made familiar to the public during the Zulu war. This vessel is of 4500 tons and 4100 horse-power, and is brig-rigged, with masts and yards of steel. The water-tight compartments are nine in number, and with three iron decks covered with teak, she has been made capable of carrying guns as well as troops, should occasion require. The grand saloon in the middle of the vessel is 45 feet square, and is a princely apartment, most tastefully and classically ornamented in walnut and oak. A feature of the vessels of this line is the extraordinary pumping power, which is equal to discharging 45 tons of water per minute.

Not to be identified with the Cape Mail Castle steamers, though often done, from having been built, like the foregoing, in the Fairfield yard, is the renowned tea ship *Stirling Castle*, the fastest steam-ship that has ever passed through the Suez Canal. This vessel, built of steel in 1882, with engines of 8600 indicated horse-power, the steam being supplied by six large double-ended boilers, each fired by six furnaces, made the passage from China to England, on her maiden voyage, carrying the first of the season's tea, in 29½ days—a distance of 11,250 miles, or an average of 375 miles per day. This indicates, however, a much higher average of actual speed, for it includes three stoppages for coal, and the slow passage through the Suez Canal. With a dead weight of 3000 tons on board, she made 18¼ knots an hour for six consecutive hours. Such a passage as this the reflective may like to compare with that of the champion tea clipper, *Spindrift*, which won the great ocean race round the Cape of Good Hope, from Foo-Choo to London, in 95 days 1 hour.

It is, of course, utterly impossible in a brief sketch like this to notice all the chief ocean steamers sailing in distant waters under favorite flags, but the powerful vessels of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which have a total tonnage of 165,000, of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with its double services to the West Indies and Brazil and the river Platte, and of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with its forty-two steamers of over 100,000 tons, including two handsome new vessels of 6250 tons, with engines of 7500 horse-power, must be seen and sailed in to have their merits appreciated. Even as we write, another line is projected for the Pacific service by the managers of the Canadian Pacific, who propose to run an independent line of first-class steam-ships direct to Australia and New Zealand.


Types—
—Types—
Louis Riel's Captor—
Officer's "Half Dress"
Officer's "Fatigue"
Officer in Full Dress—Mounted.
Officer's Full Dress—
—Winter clothes.
The cloak
Camp of Instruction
Barracks at Calgary
Frederic Remington

SKETCHES OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 782.]



ALLIGATOR SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 779.]

OCTOBER.

I see on the hill-side a sweet spirit roaming,
  Her step is as light as the wind on the sea;
And softly she smiles as she strays through the gloaming
  Deserted by butterfly, song-bird, and bee.

She dyes all the foliage scarlet and yellow,
  She flushes with orange the curtains of haze;
As broadcast she scatters her colors so mellow,
  The silent wood trembles, an undulate blaze.

She sings a sad song as by rose tree and rillet
  She trips o'er the mosses on sandals of flame,
Her draperies rustle as rustles the fillet
  That crowns the gold corn, and October's her name.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

ALTHOUGH organized as a civil force, under civilian administration, and as its name indicates, a body of constabulary, the Mounted Police which the Dominion maintains in its Northwest Territory is more truly military in spirit, discipline, and campaigning efficiency than many an organization having a military title. The types of the men composing it, as depicted by Mr. REMINGTON for the present issue of the WEEKLY, indicate an active, athletic set, capable of enduring the hard work of their service, yet fond of presenting a natty appearance on parade or when off duty. They are types evidently belonging to the frontier post and the army drill yard rather than to ordinary municipal life. Some join through love of adventure, and have perhaps already served in the British army. Chosen carefully for their soldierly qualities, they have a strong corps pride, and when vacancies occur in their number there is little difficulty in finding desirable recruits.

The duties which the Northwest police are called upon to perform are varied and important, and sometimes arduous. Their stations extend west of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains. The Indians and the half-breeds of that region constantly require looking after. The latter, particularly in the Saskatchewan region, have grievances which cause discontent, sometimes breaking out into open revolt, as in RIEL's rebellion. It was the Mounted Police that kept watch on the movements of RIEL's followers in 1884, and reported a rising imminent in 1885, and then fought the first battle, about two miles from Duck Lake. Through the campaign, when troops were called on, the Mounted Police co-operated.

Some of the Indian bands are addicted to horse-stealing, and on the border raids occur between hostile tribes for the purpose of plundering each other's herds, while the ranches of white settlers are also sometimes visited. A squad of the Mounted Police is hurried off, under such circumstances, either to check intended raids or to recover stolen property. In dealing with the Indians of the frontier, firmness, insight, and promptness are called for, and the Mounted Police have acquired unusual skill in this part of their duties. They are also charged with executing the laws governing the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Northwest Territory, and this duty is so strictly performed that the Territory has been called "one of the great temperance quarters of the globe."

When the Mounted Police are massed at Regina or elsewhere for drill or manœuvre, with their good horsemanship, in their red coats and light blue breeches, with orange or gilt braid, they form a picturesque body, whose efficiency is at once very apparent. The region controlled by them is really kept in remarkably good order, and one illustration of this is the peaceful and orderly way in which the Canadian Pacific Railroad was constructed.

CHRISTIAN SCULPTURE IN EGYPT.

SOME fresh interest has been given to the subject of early Christian sculpture in Egypt by the fact that casts of some typical pieces, with a few specimens of original work, have found their way from Boulak to the museum at South Kensington. Among the treasures of the Boulak Museum sculpture finds a large place; but the examples are mostly illustrative of the art of pre-Christian times. The specimens of Christian art are all the more valuable that they are not numerous. Among the pieces sent to London is a portion of a frieze in alto-rilievo, representing Christ and the Apostles. There is no attempt at grouping, the figures being arranged in line, and separated by a simple ornament. Around each is a nimbus, that around the head of Christ having a cross inside the circle. Cyril is said to have set up statues or images in the churches of Alexandria, and this fragment found at Akhmin, in the town of Said, is supposed to belong to the period of Theodosius II. or Marcian. A slab bears the name of Moses, and is decorated with birds and foliage. It was found at Dayr Manos, and from the style of the art it is supposed to belong to the fifth century. The centre is defaced, but it is believed to have contained a Greek cross. Another slab, from Neyadeh, near Luxor, represents a crouching lion, and is supposed to have belonged to a portal or pulpit.

Among the casts is a very primitive representative of the Virgin and Child, with a male figure dressed in a dalmatica. The Virgin and Child are entirely nude. The original of this was discovered in the Fayoum. Another cast, supposed to be from a sepulchral slab, shows a saint in a niche, the colonettes being designed from the columns of a purely Egyptian temple. A small bass-relief representing St. George and the Dragon is another. In both these last a survival of early Egyptian art is noticed, the former having its counterpart in Isis suckling Horus, and the latter in Horus slaying Set. The higher Christian art in Egypt was ruined by the Mohammedan conquest, all the churches having been pulled down and destroyed in the year of the Hegira 104.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Indurates the stomach against sea-sickness, but a single or occasional transit across the "illimitable wetness" is productive of grievous qualms, especially when it is stormy. Ocean travellers, yachtmen, ship surgeons, commercial buyers sent abroad, voyagers by steamboat, and all who are occasionally or frequently called upon to be where "billows are buffeted," should take along Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest known antidote for sea-sickness, malaria, biliousness, and disorders of the stomach and bowels. Many travellers by railroad, with delicate stomachs and nerves, likewise suffer severely *en route*. These will find the Bitters surely helpful and consolatory. Travelling, even in swift, steady, and commodious steamships and sumptuous palace cars, is not always a source of unmixed joy and delight, and the Bitters does much to counteract the discomforts attending it, aggravated by delicate health. Rheumatism, brought on by damp weather, kidney troubles, and debility, are effectually relieved by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
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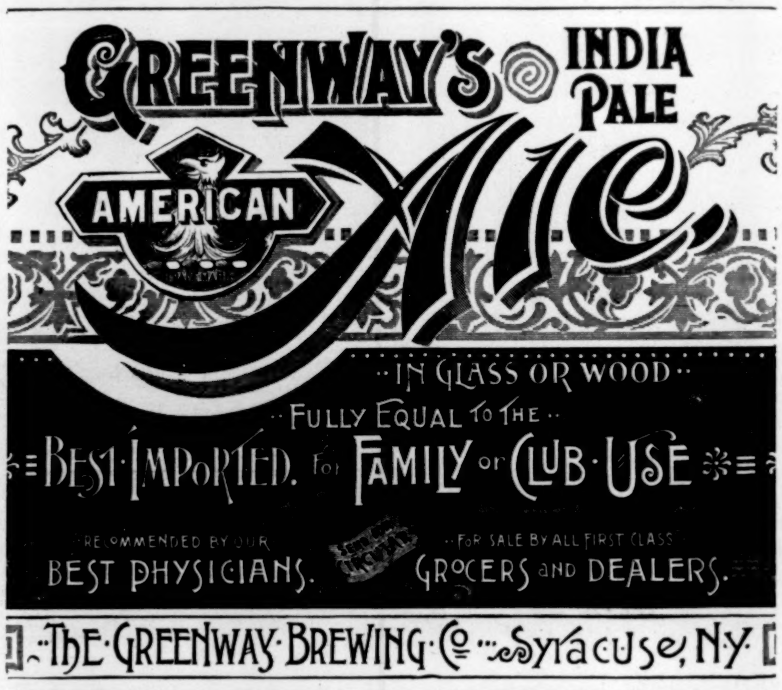

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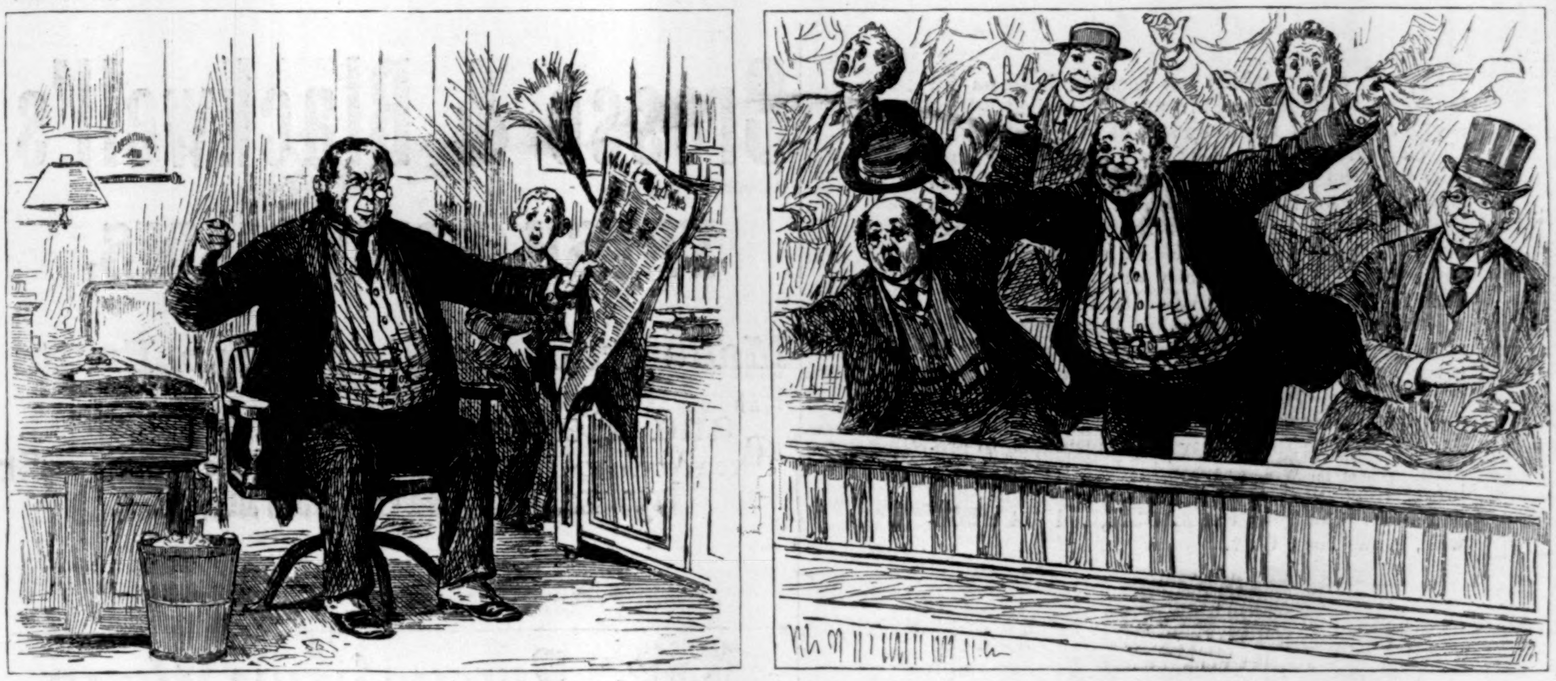

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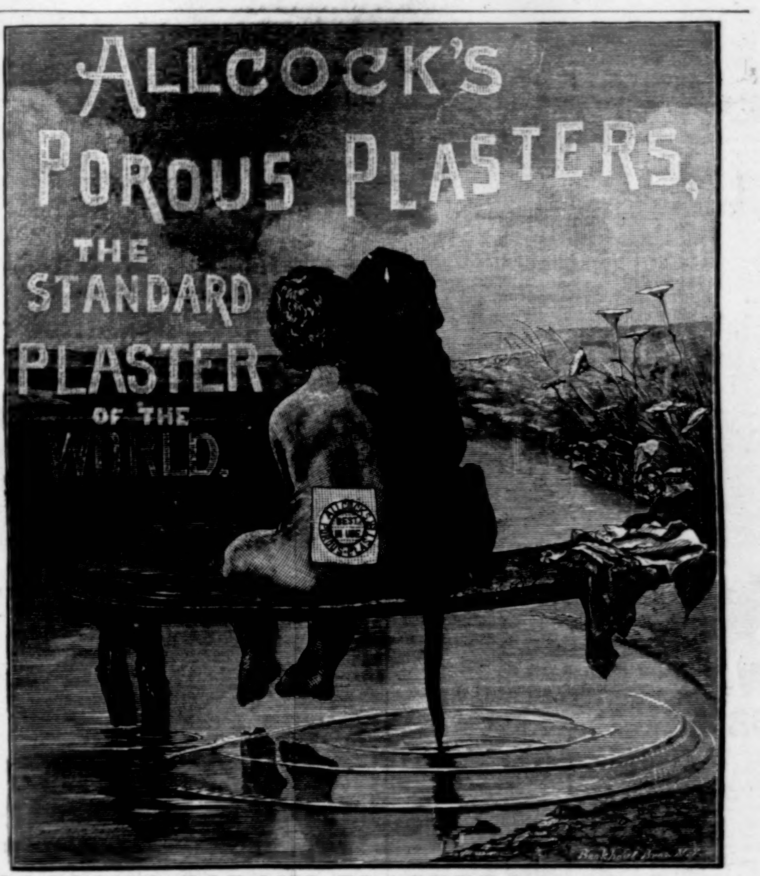

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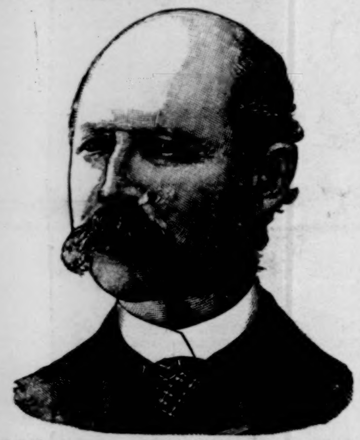

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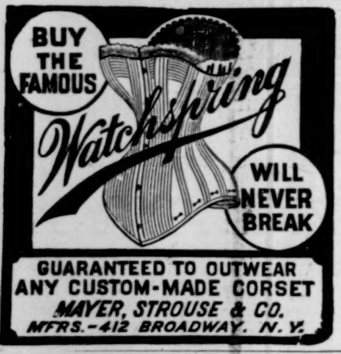

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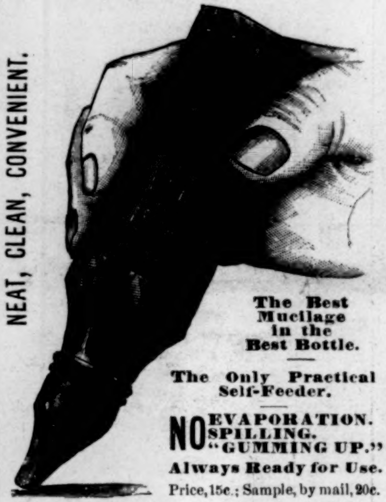

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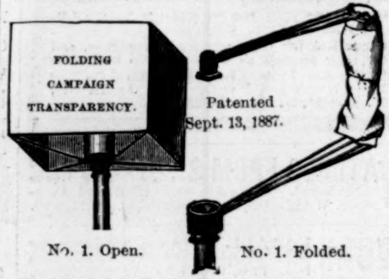
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Those who are learning to say *u* have always been very numerous in Paris, and as this question of pronunciation is a matter of art, it has naturally demanded and obtained the patronage of the state—art in France being considered a state thing. We have, then, a school supported by government where people of both sexes learn to pronounce *u* both with and without music, and which is called the Conservatoire National de Musique et de Déclamation.

This establishment was founded in 1793 by a decree of the Convention, and definitely organized under the denomination of Conservatoire de Musique in 1795. By the famous decree of Moscow Napoleon ordered that the Conservatoire should educate eighteen pupils for the Comédie Française, nine of each sex, and at the same time stipulated the conditions of their débuts and admission at the Théâtre Français and at the Odéon. The first director and real organizer of the Conservatoire was Sarrette. In 1822 Cherubini was appointed director, and held his post until 1842, when he retired, and was succeeded by Auber, who, on his death in 1871, was succeeded by Ambroise Thomas, the actual director. Five branch schools of the musical section of the Conservatoire are established, at Lille, Toulouse, Marseilles, Dijon, and Nantes.

The buildings of the Conservatoire form an uninteresting gray block between the Rue Bergère, the Rue Ste.-Cécile, the Rue du Conservatoire, and the Faubourg Poissonnière. There is little to be said about them except that they are old, incommodious, inadequate, and unpicturesque. The object of the Conservatoire is to provide gratuitous instruction in vocal and instrumental music and in dramatic declamation. As a musical school, by the excellence and severity of its methods, the merit of its professors, and the quality of the pupils that it has formed, the Paris Conservatoire has acquired the reputation of being the best musical school in Europe. The companies of the Comédie Française and of the Odéon testify to the merits of its dramatic teaching. The Conservatoire, then, consists of a theatre containing a thousand places, of a number of class-rooms, of a library of music and of works relating to music—one of the most complete in Europe—and of a museum of musical instruments, founded in 1861, and now containing eleven hundred instruments, many of them of inestimable value as objects of art or as historical specimens. The instruction in the various branches is given by some eighty professors and tutors, and the number of pupils is upward of six hundred. Admission is obtained by competitive examination in the month of October each year, before special juries for each section. Candidates must be over nine years of age and not more than twenty-two; foreigners may be admitted by special authorization of the Minister of Fine Arts, and they enjoy the same rights and are bound to the same duties as French people, except so far as concerns the Grand Prix de Rome.

A pupil of the Conservatoire, on being finally admitted to the classes of lyric or dramatic declamation, signs a contract with the state, binding himself or herself, in consideration of his gratuitous artistic education, to hold himself at the disposal of the state for three years after his studies are complete, at the following rate of remuneration: at the Opéra or Opéra Comique at a salary of 4000 francs the first year, 5000 francs the second, and 6000 francs the third; and at the Théâtre Français and Odéon at a salary progressing from 1800 francs in the first to 3000 in the third year.

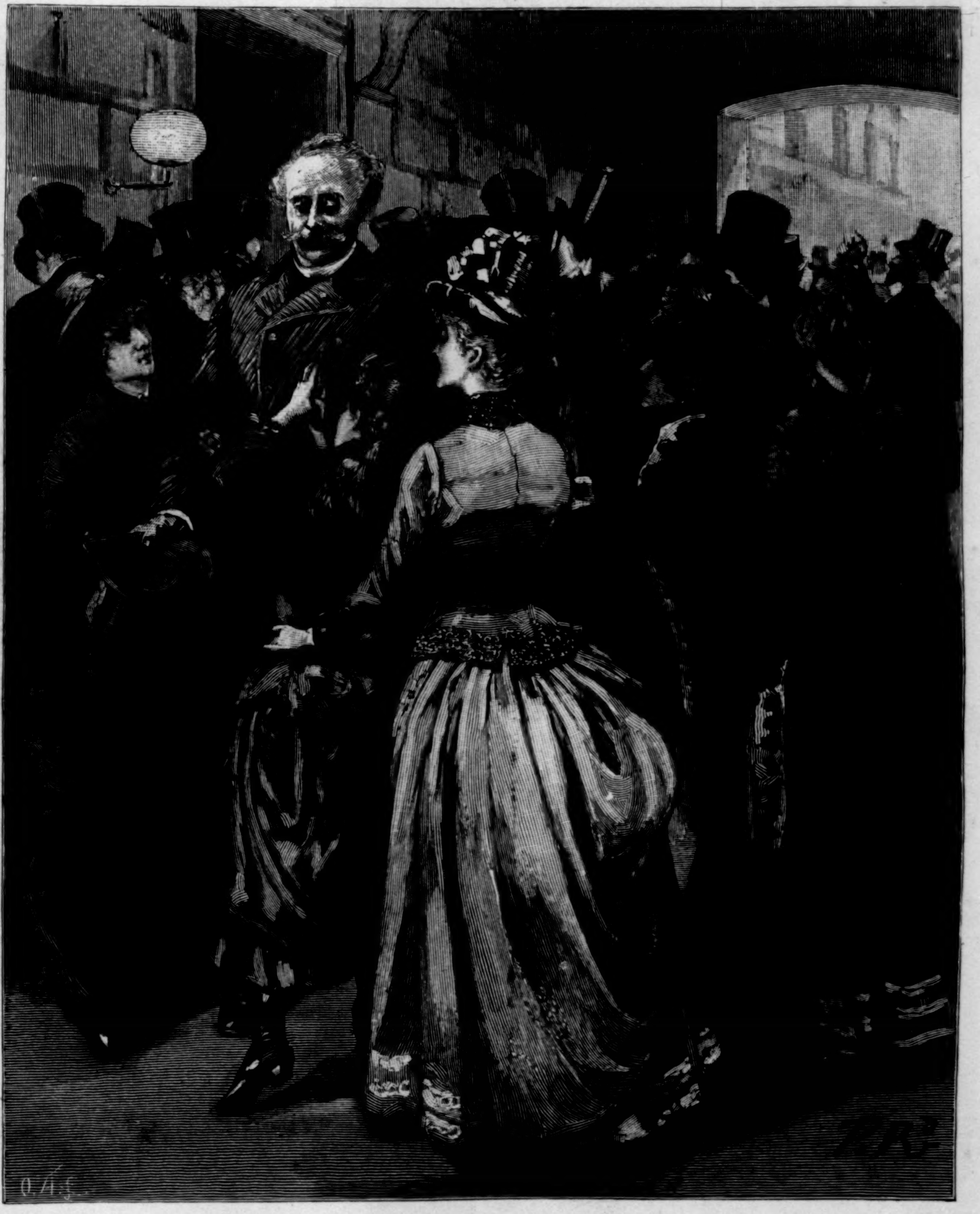
But enough about rules and regulations. Let us look at the reality, and first of all at the scene which Paul Renouard has so graphically depicted, the "Jury of Admission Coming Out" of the judgment hall. In the doorway I distinguish the profile of Sardou, then Ambroise Thomas, with his white beard, Ludovic Halévy, listening to the supplications of a future Dorine, Alexandre Dumas, bareheaded, braving the clasped hands and suppliant voice of a sweet little maiden who may or may not have talent—who knows? Poor little girl! she is doubtless not aware that the accommodation of the Conservatoire is limited, that its budget is limited, and that unless the state can be induced to augment that budget and to spend three millions of dollars in building a new establishment, the present state of things must continue.

In the classes of dramatic declamation there are about fifty pupils, the annual vacancies cannot exceed five, and the number of candidates for these five places often amounts to two or three hundred. In presence of this crowd of girls, boys, and young men and women to be examined in a single day, what can the jury do? Listen to the recitation of each one? For form's sake, yes; but the candidates who have the best chance are those who are recommended by ministers, senators, deputies, actors, professors, or journalists. Thus it may happen that many a good subject is rejected, and either has to wait for a year or two or abandon the career of art altogether, unless he has means to study in a private school.

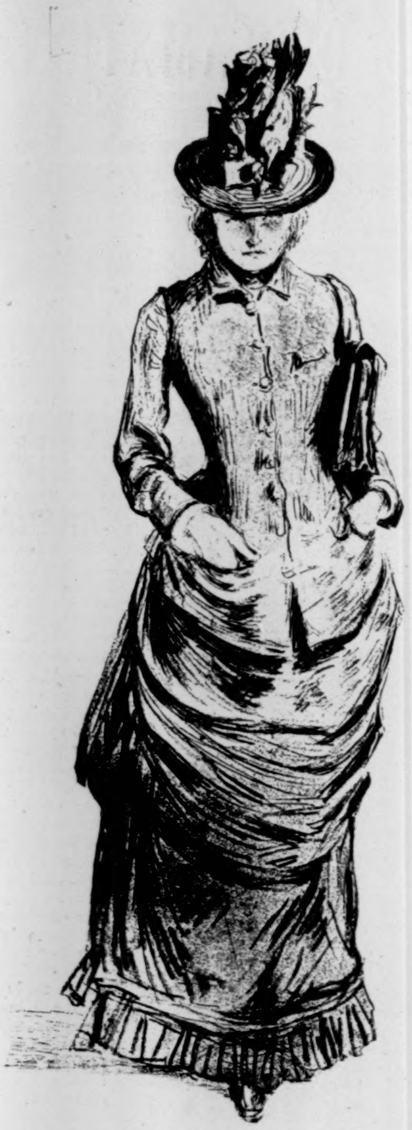
Having been admitted to the dramatic or lyric declamation classes, one of the first things that the pupil learns is to walk and to execute the characteristic gestures. M. Renouard has sketched some of the phases of a lesson from Mlle. Marquet's deportment class, the very elements of gesture accompanied by declamation, beginning with the words "I walk," illustrated by the action of walking. Then follows the self-assertive "I," the French *moi*, with the peculiarly Latin gesture which carries the hand to the breast and taps it with more or less vigor, as circumstances may require. Here is a poor little elegiac girl who is learning to point pathetically to "heaven" when she pronounces that word. Her companion is endeavoring to intensify the expression of the word "earth" by appropriate pantomime. "Grands Dieux!" (great heavens!) exclaims, with nervous vehemence and tragic gesture and frown, a vibrating pupil who aspires to fame in classical tragedy or modern emotional drama. Last of all, behold the vapory affectation of the "précieuse ridicule" who is learning to smile, to carry her head, to wave her fan, and to play the high comedy of Molière.

A lesson at the Conservatoire varies very much in aspect according to the class which we may be visiting. The classes of instrumental music are the least interesting to the outsider, because they are purely technical, and appeal but little to the imagination. To see a man practising the cornet-à-piston or penetrating the mysteries of the telescopic elongations of the trombone is not a particularly edifying spectacle; to watch a stout barytone, with o-shaped mouth and bulging eyes, singing a score, with one to accompany on the piano while the professor criticises, is not an amusement peculiarly fertile in delight. The class of comic opera which is shown in our illustration is more amusing, as it takes place on the stage of a miniature theatre, with acting and music, but without costume. This class is typical of all the classes of lyric or dramatic declamation, of which the most interesting to the uninitiated are the classes of tragedy and comedy. The room where they take place is a little theatre; at the back is the stage, put into communication with the auditorium by two little wooden staircases; on the floor of the house are rows of benches, some twenty in number, those on the right reserved for the men and those on the left for the women. Around the auditorium are a few boxes for the use of the mothers who wish to watch over the security of their daughters; for the rules of the Conservatoire expressly say: "Les mères des élèves femmes sont admises à assister aux leçons" (the mothers of the female pupils are admitted to assist at the lessons). These mothers take advantage of the privilege, and generally watch over their daughters while employing their time in needle-work, like simple and artless creatures that they are. You may see them darning stockings, hemming bodices, marking pocket-handkerchiefs. I say "you may see," but the ordinary mortal may not see, for the classes are strictly private, and neither professors nor pupils like to be disturbed by intruders in the family circle.

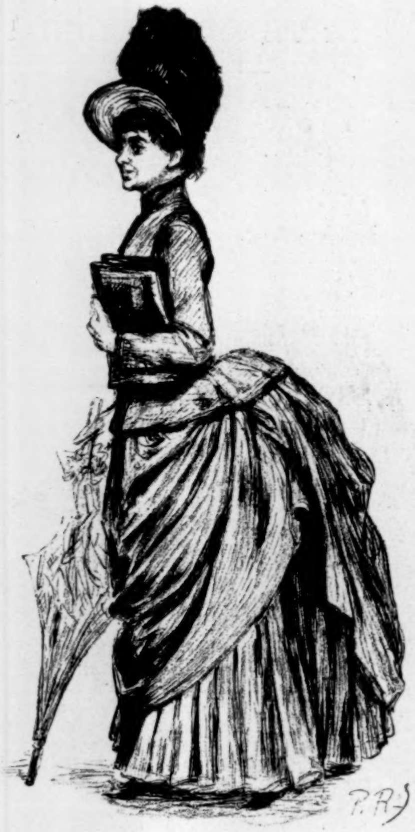
However, we will suppose that we have obtained permission to sit in a corner. At twelve o'clock there is a sound of tumult and rushing in the staircase; girls and boys enter the room pell-mell, laughing, chattering, and elbowing each other; amongst them is the professor—the ever youthful Delaunay, with his white hair beautifully curled, Worms, with his melancholy air of suppressed emotion, Got, with his benign look of frosty and elaborate comicality, or Maubant, who reigns alone over the majestic and sonorous realms of tragedy. In the middle of the class-room is a chair for the professor. The lesson begins by a young man bounding on to the stage and beginning to recite the rôle of Mascarille, while two girls follow him to play Cathos and Madelon. There is no time lost. Mascarille tries at once to incarnate himself in the part. Strange to say, he has the voice of Coquelin; but of late years all young comic actors have that brazen, trumpet-like organ, just as all *jeunes premiers amoureux* have the nasal voice of Delaunay. This homage of youth to genius is touching but inevitable. But to continue: the professor drills Mascarille line by line, intonation by intonation, pause by pause, expanding the rôle, paraphrasing it, and acting it himself with the gestures, the play of physiognomy, and the traditions, for in the French classical tragedy and comedy the traditions are most important. Meanwhile he does not forget Cathos and Madelon, teaching them their parts, and above all impressing upon them the importance of knowing how to listen. The late eminent Professor Regnier used to say to his pupils: "I know how difficult it is to listen; it is more difficult even than to speak one's rôle; give all your care and all your intelligence to this point. Remember that you do not play for



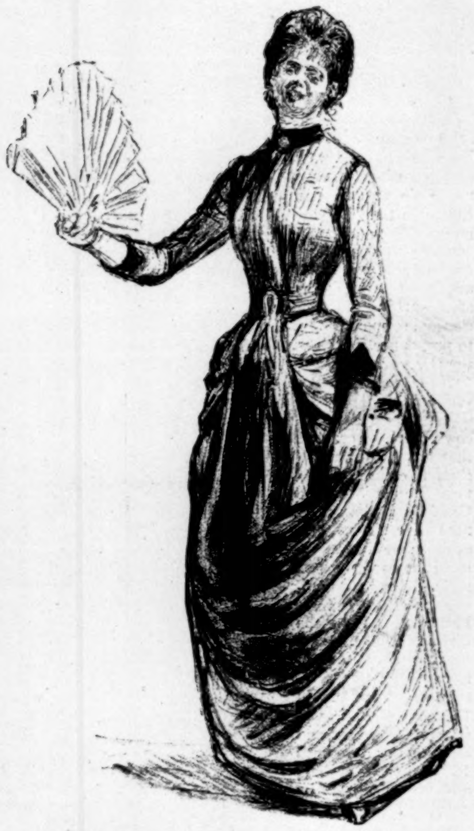
THE JURY OF ADMISSION COMING OUT.—DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD.



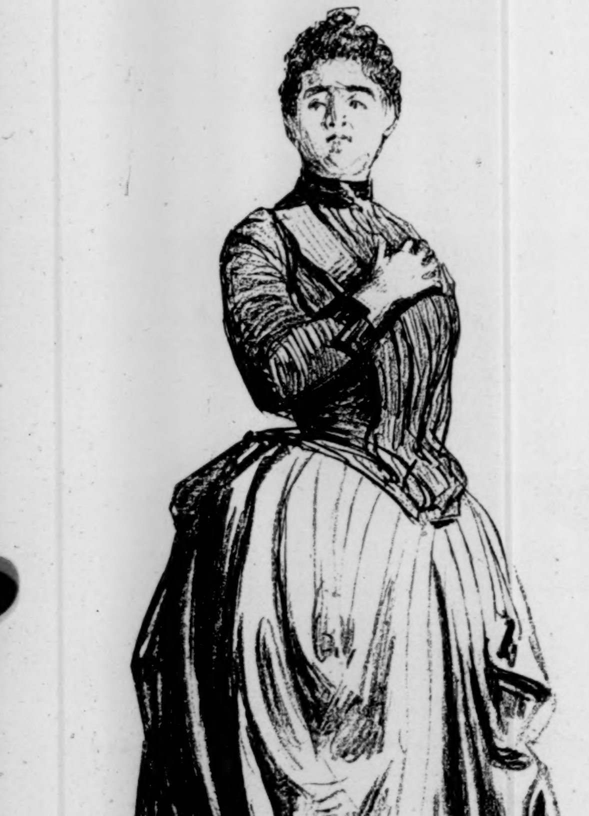
A PUPIL OF THE TRAGEDY CLASS.



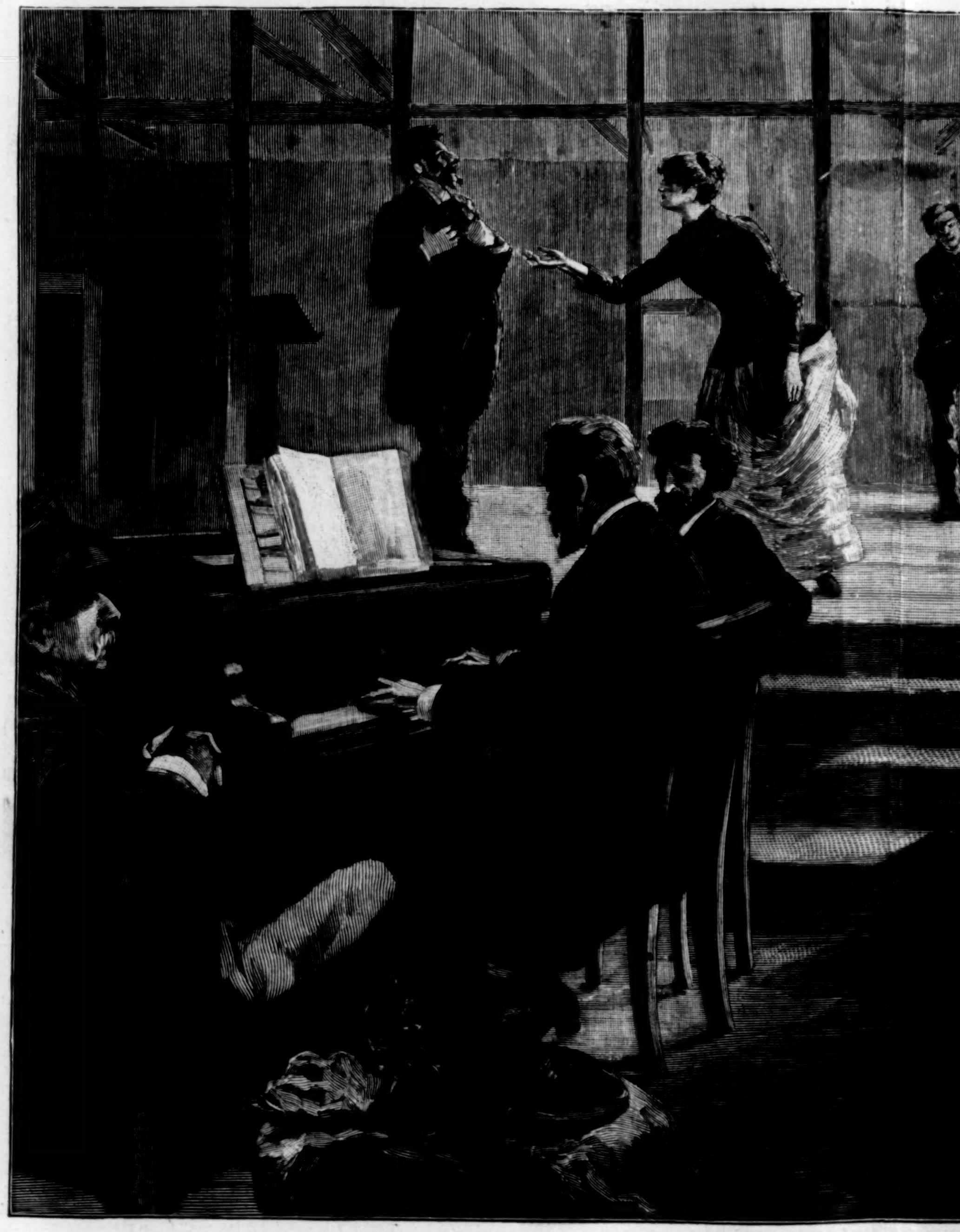
A PUPIL OF THE COMEDY CLASS.



THE "PRÉCIEUSE RIDICULE."

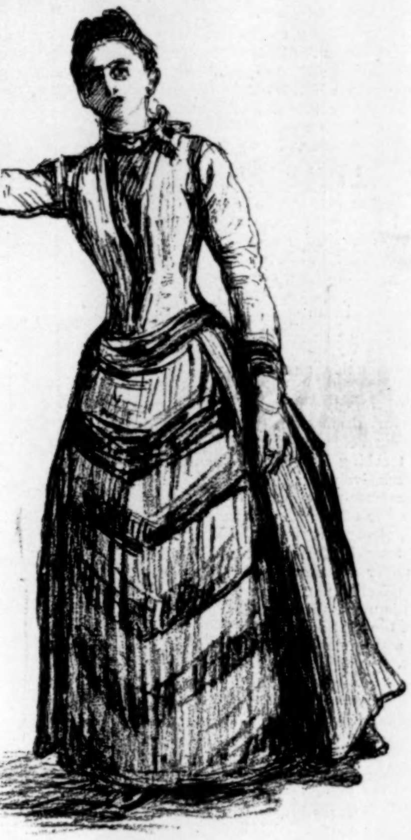


"I."

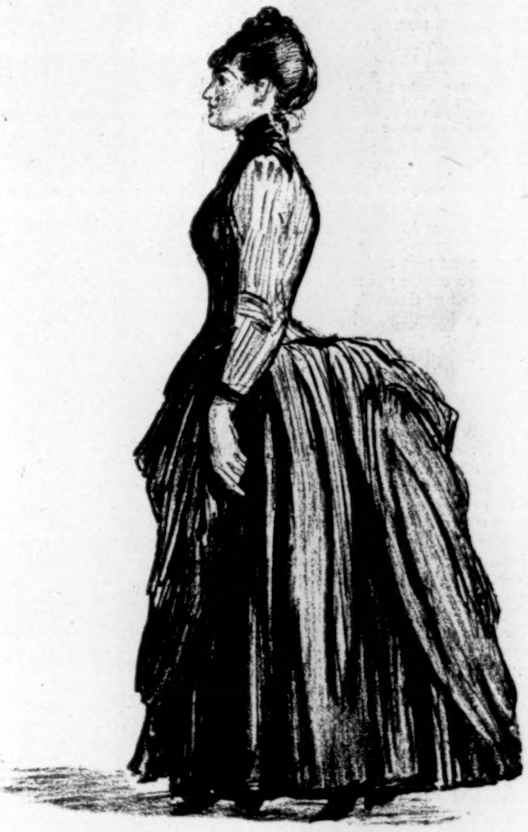


CLASS OF COMIC OP

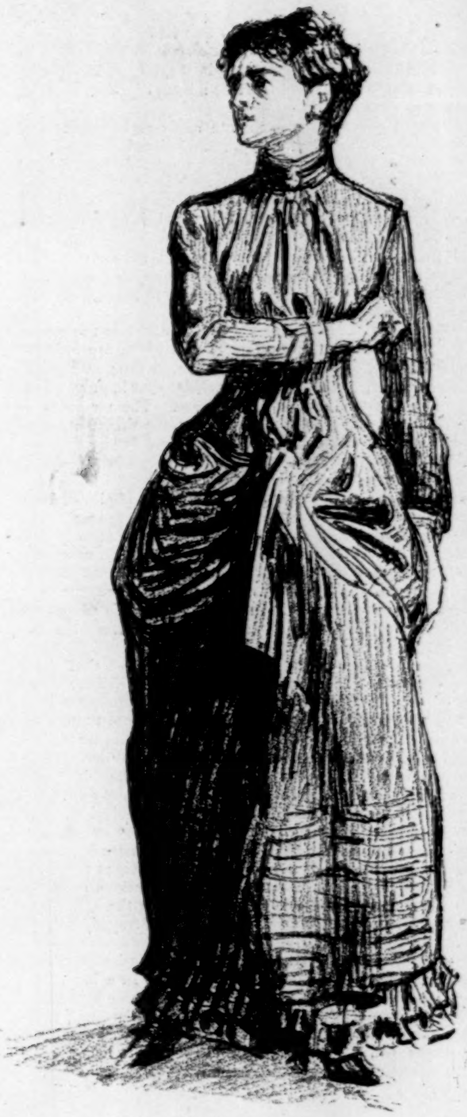
SKETCHES FROM THE CLASSES OF THE CONS



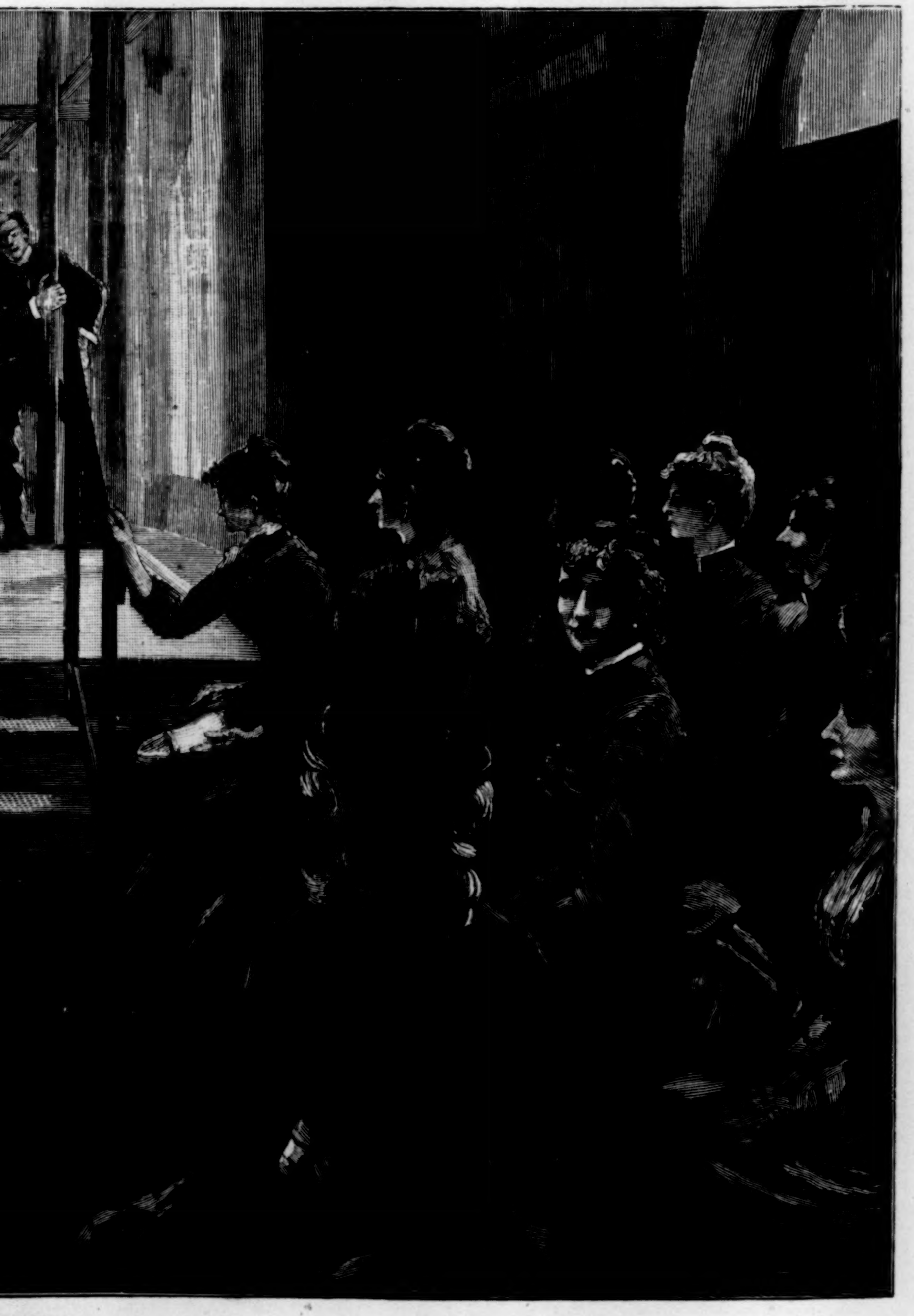
"HEAVEN."



"I WALK."

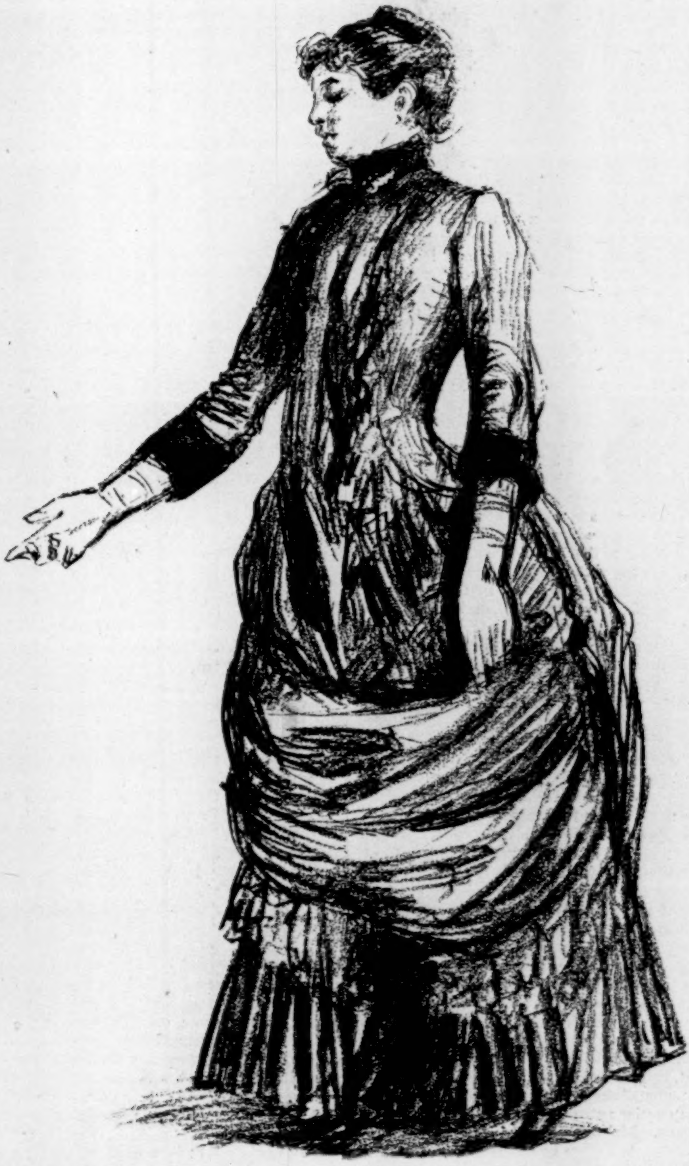


"GREAT HEAVENS!"



OPERA.

NSERVATOIRE.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.



"EARTH."